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FROM THE

ENGLISH POETS,

CHAUCER TO TENNYSON.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE AUTHORS.

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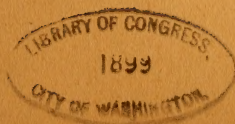
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FROM THE
ENGLISH POETS.

{ Born 1328.
{ Died 1400.

1

He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite trouble
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite, farthest, little
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf, gave
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the Gospel he the wordés caught,
 And this figure he added yet therto,
 That if gold rusté, what shuld iren do?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust.
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve, give
 By his cleannessé, how his shepe shulde live.
 He setté not his benefice to hire,
 And lette his shepe acombred in the mire, left
 And ran unto Londòn, unto Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chanterie for soules, singing endowment
 Or with a brotherhede to be withold;
 But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenàrie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous; unpitying
 Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne, sparing, proud
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven with fairéness,
 By good ensample, was his besinesse:
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of highe, or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nonés. occasion
 A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne makéd him no spicéd consciéce,
 But Cristés lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

GOOD COUNSAIL.

FLY fro the presse, and dwell with sothfastnesse, truth
 Suffise unto thy good though it be small,
 For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse, uncertainty
 Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all, wealth, blind

Savour no more than thee behové shall, desire, benefit
 Rede well thy selfe that other folk canst rede, counsel
 And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Peiné thee not ech crooked to redresse, each
 In trust of her that tourneth as a ball; fortune
 Great reste standèth in little businesse,
 Beware also to spurne againe a nall, nail
 Strive not as doth a crocké with a wall, earthen pitcher
 Demé thy selfe that demest others' dede, judge
 And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse, humility
 The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
 Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
 Forth, pilgrime! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
 Looke up on high, and thanké God of all!
 Weivé thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede, forsake, spirit
 And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Thomas the Rhymer.

About 1300.

THOMAS of ERCILDOUNE, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, lived about the year 1300, and was born at his father's patrimonial estate of Ercildoune or Earliston, now a small village in Scotland. Few personages are more renowned than he in tradition, having been, shortly after his death, placed in the highest position both as a poet and a prophet. The popular tale bears "that he was carried away to Fairyland at an early age, where he acquired the knowledge and gifts which made him so famous. After seven years' residence there he was permitted to return to earth, and astonish his countrymen by his powers and prophecies. After some time, while making merry in his Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in and told him that a hart and hind were slowly parading the street of the village; Thomas rose, and left his house, and followed the animals to the forest, whence he never returned."

INCIPIT PROPHEZIA THOMÆ DE ERSELDOUN.

In a lande as I was lent;	lying
In the gryking of the day	peeping
Ay alone as I went,	
In Huntle bankys me for to play;	
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,	
Ye mawes movyde of her song,	mavis
Ye wodwale sange notes gay,	
That al the wod about range.	wood
In that longyng as I lay,	
Undir nethe a dern tre,	shady
I was war of a lady gay	aware

Come rydyng ouyr a fair le:	lonely lea
Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,	though
With my tong to wrabbe and wry,	twist
Certenly all hyr aray,	
It beth neuyer discryuyd for me.	
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,	
Sycke on say neuer none;	such, saw
As the son in somers day,	
All abowte that lady schone.	
Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone;	vory
A semly syght it was to se,	
Bryght with mony a precyous stone,	
And compasyd all with crapste;	crimson
Stones of oryens, gret plente,	orrent
Her hair about her hede it hang,	
She rode ouer the farnyle,	lonely lea
He sayd Yonder is Mary of Might,	
That bar the child that died for me.	bore
Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,	
Myd my hert will breke in three;	
I schal me hye with all my might,	haste
Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tre.	
Thomas rathly up him rase,	quickly
And ran ouer mountayn hye,	
If it be sothe the story says,	
He met her euyn at Eldyn Tre.	even
Thomas knelyd down on his kne	
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,	
And sayd, Lovely lady, thou rue on me,	pity
Queen of Heaven as you may well be.	
Tak thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,	leave
At gresse, and at euery tre,	every
This twelmonth sall you with me gone,	
Medyl erth you sall not se.	
Alas, he seyde, ful wo is me,	
I trow my dedes will werke me care.	
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,	
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.	
She rode furth with all her mizt,	might
Undir nethe the derne lee,	below ground
It was as derke as at midnizt,	
And euyr in water unto the kne;	ever
Through the space of days thre,	
He herde but swowyng of a flode;	dashing
Thomas sayd, Ful wo is me,	
Now I spyll for fawte of fode;	faint, want

To a garden she lede him tyte,	soon
There was fruyte in grete plente,	
Peyres and appless ther wer rype,	
The date and the damese,	
The figge and als fylbert tre;	
The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,	
The papigaye about gan fle,	
The throstylcock sang wald hafe no rest.	
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand,	
As man for faute that was faynt;	want
She sayd, Thomas, lat al stand,	
Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.	
Sche seyde, Thomas, I thee hyzt,	haste
To lay thy hede upon my kne,	
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,	
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.	
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,	
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?	lies
Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,	
Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.	suffered
Sees thou, Thomas, yon secund way	
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?	rising
Streight is the way, sothly to say,	
To the joyes of paradyce.	
Sees Thou, Thomas, yon thyrde way,	
That lygges ouyr yon how?	hollow
Wide is the way, sothly to say,	
To the brynyng fyres of helle.	
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fair castell,	
That standes ouyr yone fair hill?	
Of town and tower it beereth the belle,	
In middell erth is none like theretill.	
When thou comyst in yone castell gaye,	
I pray thee curteis man to be;	courteous
What so any man to you say,	
Loke thu answer none but me.	
My lord is servyd at yche messe,	each
With xxx kniztes feir and fre;	knights
I shall say syttyng on the dese,	dais
I toke thy speche beyone the le.	
Thomas stode as still as stone,	
And behelde that ladye gaye;	
Than was sche fayr, and ryche anone,	
And also ryal on hir palfreye.	royal
The grewhoundes had fylde thaim on the dere	deer
The raches coupled, by my fay,	dogs

She blewe her horne Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way.

The layde into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.

low
fiddle

Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybid ther gon gan,
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy,
The most fertly that Thomas thocht,
When he com emyddes the flore,
Knyghtes dancyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.

amidst

Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rych aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,

Til on a day, alas, alas,
My lovelye layde sayd to me,
Busk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.

haste

Thomas answered with heuy
And said, Lowely ladye, lat ma be,
For I say ye certenly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath ben here three yeres,
And here you may no longer be;

And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morrowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
For you art a larg man and an hende
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.

Fore all the golde that may be,
Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
Sall you not be betrayed by me,
And thairfor sall yon hens wende.

even

She broght hym euyn to Eldyn Tre,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray.
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

birds

John Barbour.

{ Born 1320.
Died 1395.

JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was a Scotchman, and contemporary with Chaucer. He is chiefly known for his epic narrative "The Bruce," which is a history of the memorable times in which King Robert I. asserted the independence of Scotland. Barbour was born in 1320, and died in 1395, in his seventy-fifth year.

FREEDOM.

A! FREDOME is a nobill thing!	
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!	makes
Fredome all solace to man giffis:	
He levys at ese that frely levys!	lives, ease
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,	
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,	nor, else
Gyff fredome failyth: for fre liking	if
Is yearnyt our all othir thing	over.
Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,	
May nocht knaw weill the propyrt,	
The angry, na the wrechyt dome,	doom
That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.	
Bot gyff he had assayit it,	but
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;	heartily, avoid
And suld think fredome mar to pryse	more
Than all the gold in warld that is.	

DEATH OF SIR HENRY DE BOHUN.

(From "The Bruce.")

AND when the king wist that they were	
In hale battle, comand sae near,	complete
His battle gart he weel array.	caused
He rade upon a little palfrey,	
Lawcht and joly arrayand	low
His battle, with an ax in hand.	
And on his bassinet he bare	
An hat of tyre aboon ay where;	tiara, above
And, thereupon, into takin,	token
Ane high crown, that he was king.	
And when Gloster and Hereford were	
With their battle approachand near,	
Before them all there came ridand,	riding
With helm on heid and spear in hand,	head

Sir Henry the Boon, the worthy,	
That was a wicht knicht, and a hardy,	strong
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;	
Armed in arms gude and fine;	
Came on a steed a bowshot near,	
Before all other that there were:	
And knew the king, for that he saw	
Him sae range his men on raw,	row
And by the crown that was set	
Also upon his bassinet.	
And towards him he went in hy.	haste
And the king sae apertly	plainly
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,	before, companions
In hy till him the horse he steers.	has'e, to
And when Sir Henry saw the king	
Come on, foroutin abasing,	not put about
Till him he rode in great hy.	
He thought that he should weel lightly	very easily
Win him, and have him at his will,	
Sin' he him horsit saw sae ill.	horsed
Sprent they samen intill a lyng;	sprang, together, line
Sir Henry missed the noble king;	
And he that in his stirrups stude,	
With the ax, that was hard and gude,	strength, reached
With sae great main, raucht him a dint,	neither, might
That nouthier hat nor helm nicht stint	dash
The heavy dush, that he him gave,	brains
That near the head till the harns clave.	shivered, two
The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;	earth, began, go
And he down to the yird gan gae	failed
All flatlings, for him failit nicht.	fight
This was the first straik of the ficht,	
That was performit doughtily.	
And when the king's men sae stoutly	
Saw him, richt at the first meeting,	
Forouten doubt or abasing,	not put about
Have slain a knicht sae at a straik,	stroke
Sic hard'ment thereat gan they tak,	encouragement
That they come on richt hardily.	
When Englishmen saw them sae stoutly	
Come on, they had great abasing;	depression
And specially for that the king	
Sae smartly that gude knicht has slain,	
That they withdrew them everilk ane,	every
And durst not ane abide to ficht:	
Sae dreid they for the king's nicht.	dread

When that the king repairit was,	returned
That gart his men all leave the chase,	caused
The lordis of his company	
Blamed him, as they durst, greatumly,	
That he him put in aventure,	
To meet sae stith a knicht and stour,	stout, strong
In sic point as he then was seen.	such, state
For they said weel, it micht have been	
Cause of their tynsal everilk ane.	destruction
The king answer has made them nane,	
But mainit his hand-ax shaft sae	lamented
Was with the straik broken in tway.	two

James I. of Scotland. { Born 1394.
Mur'd 1437.

THIS accomplished prince of the house of Stuart was born in 1394. Scotland was at the time in a state of complete anarchy; and to save James from the hands of his uncle Albany, he was, while only eleven years of age, sent privately in a vessel to France. The vessel was seized by the English, and, to the disgrace of Henry IV. of England, the young prince was kept for eighteen years a prisoner in England; Henry, however, treated him well, and James became learned in all the accomplishments of the English Court. Chaucer he studied closely; and he soothed his confinement by writing poetry. His principal poems are "The King's Quhair" (book), and "Christis Kirk on the Grene." James was released in 1423, and married Lady Jane. On his return to Scotland he set himself vigorously to repress the disorders there; but a conspiracy of the lawless nobility having been formed against him, he was assassinated at Perth in 1437.

JAMES I., A PRISONER IN WINDSOR, SEES LADY JOAN BEAUFORT.

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and wo-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy began, haste
To see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye, life, past
That might within scarce any wight espy,

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And mids of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat twig
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
 That all the gardens and the wallis rung
 Right of their song.

———Cast I down mine eyes again
 Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
 Full secretly, new comen hear to plain,
 The fairest and the freshest young flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
 For which sudden abate, anon astart, went and came
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite, little
 No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
 Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
 Only through letting of my eyen fall, eyes
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
 For ever of free will—for of menace
 There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
 And eftesoons I leant it out again, shortly
 And saw her walk that very womanly
 With no wight mo', but only women twain.
 Then gan I study in myself, and sayn: say
 'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

'Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
 And comin are to loose me out of band?
 Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
 That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
 This garden full of flowers as they stand?
 What shall I think, alas! what reverence
 Shall I mister unto your excellence?

'If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
 To do me pain, I may it not astart: fly
 If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike sigh
 Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
 To do a seely prisoner this smart, wretched
 That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
 And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so.'

Of her array the form if I shall write,
 Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
 In fretwise couchit with pearlis white inlaid
 And great balas leaming as the fire, stones, glittering
 With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
 And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
 Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold, spangles
 Forged of shape like to the amoretts, love-knots
 So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold
 The plumis eke like to the flower jonets; lily
 And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
 And above all this, there was, well I wot,
 Beauty enough to make a world to dote.

About her neck, white as the fire amail, enamel
 A goodly chain of small orfevory, gold work
 Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
 Like to ane heart shapen verily,
 That as a spark of lowe so wantonly flame
 Seemed burning upon her white throat,
 Now if there was good party, God it wot. match

And when she walked had, a little thraw, turn
 Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
 Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
 She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
 But tho began mine aches and torment,
 To see her part and follow I na might;
 Methought the day was turned into night.

CHRIST'S KIRK OF THE GREEN.

WAS never in Scotland heard nor seen
 Sic dancing nor deray, merriment
 Nouthar at Falkland on the Green,
 Nor Peebliss at the Play, games

As was of wooers, as I ween,
 At Christ's Kirk on ane day:
 There came our Kittys, washen clean,
 In their new kirtles of gray,
 Full gay,
 At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

To dance thir damsellis them dight,	flaunted
Thir lasses light of laits,	manners
Their gloves were of the raffel right,	deerskin
Their shoon were of the Straits,	shoes, morocco
Their kirtles were of Lincoln light,	
Weel prest with many plaits,	
They were so nice when men them nicht,	neared
They squealit like ony gaits	goats
Sa loud	
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.	

Of all thir maidens mild as mead,	
Was nane so jimp as <i>Gillie</i> ,	smart
As ony rose her rood was red,	complexion
Her lyre was like the lily,	bosom
Fu' yellow, yellow was her head,	
But she of love was silly;	
Though ail her kin had sworn her dead,	death
She would have but sweet <i>Willie</i>	
Alane,	
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.	

Blind Harry.

About 1450.

Of this Scottish minstrel poet little is known, but that he was blind from his earliest years, and that he gained his living by reciting and singing his compositions before company. "The Adventures of Sir William Wallace," written about 1450, is still a great favourite with the Scottish peasantry, who regard it as the trumpet-note of liberty, a modernised Scotch version having been made some time ago by Hamilton of Gilbertfield. The poem is evidently founded on the traditions current at that time, a century and half after the times of Wallace.

WALLACE FISHING IN IRVINE WATER.

So on a time he desired to play
 In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,
 Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,
 Sic fantasy fell in his intent.

To lead his net a child furth with him yede; went
 But he, or noon, was in a fellow dread. ere, fearful
 His swerd he left, so did he never again;
 It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
 Of that labour as than he was not slie, craft
 Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
 Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass. could
 Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was, riding
 The Lord Percy, was captain than of Ayr;
 Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.
 Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,
 Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,
 And said soon: 'Scot, Martin's fish we wald have!'
 Wallace meekly again answer him gave:
 'It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
 Waith should be dealt, in all place, with free heart.'
 He bade his child, 'Give them of our waithing.' sport
 The Southron said; 'As now of thy dealing
 We will not tak; thou wald give us o'er small.'
 He lighted down and frae the child took all.
 Wallace said then: 'Gentlemen gif ye be, if
 Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
 Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day:
 Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away.'
 'Thou shalt have leave to fish and tak thee mae, more
 All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae. ge
 We serve a lord; this fish shall till him gang.' gr
 Wallace answered, said: 'Thou art in the wrang.'
 'Wham thous thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw.' blow
 Till him he ran, and out a swerd gan draw.
 William was wae he had nae wappins there sorry
 But the poutstaff, the whilk in hand he bare. fishing-rod
 Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
 With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.
 The swerd flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.
 Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand; seized
 And with the swerd awkward he him gave
 Under the hat, his craig in sunder drave. neck
 By that the lave lighted about Wallace, rest
 He had no help, only but God's grace.
 On either side full fast on him they dang,
 Great peril was gif they had lasted lang. if
 Upon the head in great ire he strak ane; one
 The shearand swerd glade to the collar bane.
 Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
 While hand and swerd baith in the field gan lie.

The tother twa fled to their horse again;
 He stickit him was last upon the plain.
 Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might
 After their lord; but he was out of sight,
 Takand the muir, or he and they couth twine.
 Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin,
 And cryit: 'Lord abide; your men are martyred down
 Right cruelly, here in this false region.
 Five of our court here at the water bade,
 Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
 We are scaped, but in field slain are three.'
 The lord speirit: 'How many might they be?'
 'We saw but ane that has discomfist us all.'
 Then leugh he loud, and said: 'Foul mot you fall!
 Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.
 Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown!
 This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought.'
 When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,
 Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
 Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.

Richard Sheale.

{ About 1420
to 1460.

THE author of this remarkable ballad is Richard Sheale, an Englishman, but the date is unknown. This modernised version was made about 1420 to 1460.

CHEVY-CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
 A woful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
 Earl Percy took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
 To kill and bear away.

These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed:"

"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed:

And now with me my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say—

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."

"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,

Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,
That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth! it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might:

Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight:

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said;
“In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king:

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these—
“Fight on, my merry men all;
For why my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

In truth! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,

Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight;
 And past the English archers all,
 Without a dread or fear;
 And through Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear;
 With such vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The staff ran through the other side
 A large cloth yard and more.

* * * *

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Earl Douglas die:
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.
 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three;
 The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
 Under the greenwood tree.

* * * *

Sir Patrick Spens.

THE following Ballad probably refers to the fate of the Scottish nobles on their return from Norway after having, in 1281, conveyed Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., to her nuptials with King Eric of Norway. It is supposed to have been written in the fifteenth century, author unknown.

THE BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE King sits in Dunfermline toun,
 Drinking the blude-red wine;
 "O whaur shall I get a skeely skipper,
 To sail this ship of mine?"

Then up and spake an eldern knight,
 Sat at the King's right knee;
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

The King has written a braid letter,
 And seal'd it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
 Was walking on the sand,

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The King’s daughter to Noroway,
It’s thou maun tak’ her hame.”

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughèd he,
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear came to his e’e.

“O wha is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send us out at this time o’ the year
To sail upon the sea?”

They hoisted their sails on a Monday morn,
Wi’ a’ the haste they may;
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon the Wodensday.

“Make haste, make haste, my merry men all,
Our ship shall sail the morn,”
“Now ever, alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we shall come to harm!”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
And gurly grew the sea.

The ropes they brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o’er the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn.

O laith, laith were our guid Scots lords
To weet their leathern shoon,
But lang ere a’ the play was o’er,
They wat their heads abune.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Or e’er they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land,

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear lords,
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

William Dunbar. { Born 1465.
 { Died about 1525.

DUNBAR, one of the greatest of the elder Scottish poets, was educated in St. Andrews, where he took his degree. He became a friar of the Franciscan order, and being a favourite with James IV., he was employed on various important missions. He was one of those sent to London to bring to Scotland the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., the bride of the Scottish king, and he wrote on the marriage the beautiful poem, "The Thrissil and the Rose." His poems embrace a wide range of subjects—descriptive, allegorical, satirical, comic, and moral. He is supposed to have died at the age of sixty.

ASSEMBLAGE OF THE BEASTS AND FLOWERS.

From the "Thrissil and the Rose."

WITH that this lady soberly did smile,
 And said: Uprise, and do thy observance;
 Thou did promit, in Mayis lusty while,
 For to describe the Rose of most pleasance.
 Go see the birdis how they sing and dance,
 Illumined our with orient skyis bright,
 Enamelled richly with new azure light.

Dame Nature ordered every bird and beast
 Before her Highness sould anon compear,
 And every flower of virtue, most and least,
 And every herb by field, or far or near,
 As they had wont in May, from year to year,
 To her their Maker to make obedience,
 Full low inclining with due reverence.

All present were in twinkling of an ee, eye
 Baith beast, and bird, and flower, before the queen;
 And first the lion, greatest of degree,
 Was called there, and he most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy countenance and keen,
 Before dame Nature came, and did incline,
 With visage bold, and courage leonine,

This lady liftit up his clawis clear,
 And let him lightly lean upon her knee,
 And crownit him with diadem full dear,
 Of radiant stones most royal for to see;
 Saying, The king of beastis mak I thee,
 And the chief protector in woods and shaws;
 Unto thy lieges go forth and keep the laws.

Then called she all the flowers that grew in field,
 Discerning all their fashions and effeirs; qualities
 Upon the awful Thrissil she beheld, thistle
 And saw him kepit with a bush of spears; guarded
 Considering him so able for the weirs, wards
 A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,
 And said, In field go forth and find the lave; rest

Nor hold none other flower in sic denty, such regard
 As the fresh Rose, of colour red and white:
 For if thou do, hurt is thine honesty;
 Considering that no flower is so perfytt,
 So full of virtue, pleasure, and delight,
 So full of blissful angelic beautie,
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignity.

Then to the Rose she turned her visage,
 And said, O lusty daughter most benign
 Above the lily's illustrious lineage,
 From the stock royal rising fresh and ying, young
 Without one spot or blemish doing spring:
 Come, bloom of joy with genius to be crowned,
 For o'er the lave thy beauty is renowned. rest

Then all the birdis sang with voice on hicht, high
 Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear;
 The mavis sang: Hail Rose, most rich and right,
 That does upflourish under Phœbus' spear;
 Hail plant of youth, hail prince's daughter dear,
 Hail blossom breaking out of the blood-royal,
 Whose precious virtue is imperial.

The merle she sang: Hail Rose of most delight,
 Hail of all flowers queen and sovereign:
 The lark she sang: Hail Rose, both red and white,
 Most pleasant flower of mighty colours vain:
 The nightingale sang: Hail Nature's suffragan,
 In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness,
 In rich array, renown, and gentleness.

The common voice uprose of birdis small,
 Upon this ways, O blessed be the hour
 That thou wast chosen to be our principal:
 Welcome to be our princess of honour,
 Our pearl, our pleasure, and our lover,
 Our peace, our play, our plain felicity—
 Christ thee conserve from all adversitie!

Gavin Douglas.

{ Born 1474.
 { Died 1522.

A YOUNGER SON of the Earl of Angus, he was educated for the church, and rose to be Bishop of Dunkeld. He wrote a long poem, "The Palace of Honour," and made a translation of Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish verse.

MORNING IN MAY.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
 Issued of her saffron bed and ivor house, issued
 In cram'sy clad and grained violate crimson
 With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
 Unshet the windows of her large hall, opened
 Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal
 And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
 Unwarps braid, the warld till illumine;
 The twinkling streamers of the orient
 Shed purpour sprains, with gold and azure ment
 Eous, the steed, with ruby harness red,
 Above the seas liftis furth his head,
 Of colour sore, and somedeal brown as berry, yellow
 For to alichten and glad our emispery; hemisphere
 The flame out-bursten at the neisthirls, nostril^a
 So fast Phaeton with the whip him whirls.
 While shortly, with the bleezand torch of day,
 Abulyit in his lemand fresh array, apparelled, glittering
 Furth of his palace royal ishit Phœbus,
 With golden crown and visage glorious,
 Crisp hairs, bricht as chrysolite or topaz;
 For whase hue nicht nane behald his face. might
 The auriate vanes of his throne soverane golden veins
 With glitterand glance o'erspread the oceane;
 The largé fludes, lemand all of licht,
 But with ane blink of his supernal sicht.
 For to behald, it was ane glore to see
 The stabled windis and the calmed sea,
 The soft season, the firmament serene,
 The lounne illuminate air and firth amene. tranquil, pleasant

And lusty Flora did her bloomis spread
 Under the feet of Phœbus' sulyart steed; sultry
 The swarded soil embrode with selcouth hues, uncommon
 Wood and forest, obnumbrate with bews. boughs
 Towers, turrets, kirkals, and pinnacles hie, battlements
 Of kirks, castles, and ilk fair citie, each
 Stude painted, every fane, phiol, and stage, cupola
 Upon the plain ground by their awn umbrage own
 Of Eolus' north blasts havand no dreid,
 The soil spread her braid bosom on-breid;
 The corn crops and the beir new-baird barley
 With gladsome garment revesting the yerd. earth

Sir David Lindsay. { Born 1490.
 { Died 1557.

"THE Lyon King-at-arms," Sir David Lindsay of the Mount was born in Fife about the year 1490. On leaving the university he became a great favourite of James V., who knighted him. He possessed great poetical talents, especially for satire. The evils of his time, both political and ecclesiastical, are handled with an unsparing hand; and his writings are believed to have had a powerful effect in promoting the Scottish Reformation. He died at his seat, the Mount, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

IN CONTEMPTION OF SIDE TAILS.

SOVEREIGN, I mean of thir side tails, complain
 Whilk through the dust and dubs trails,
 Three quarters lang behind their heels,
 Express again' all commonweals.
 Though bishops, in their pontificals,
 Have men for to bear up their tails,
 For dignity of their office;
 Richt so ane queen or ane emprice;
 Howbeit they use sic gravity,
 Conformand to their majesty,
 Though their robe-royals be upborne,
 I think it is ane very scorn,
 That every lady of the land
 Should have her tail so side trailand:
 Howbeit they been of high estate,
 The queen they should not counterfeit.

Wherever they go it may be seen;
 How kirk and causay they soop clean. causeway
 The images into the kirk
 May think of their side tails irk; annoyed

For when the weather been maist fair,
 The dust flies highest into the air,
 And all their faces does begary, begrime
 Gif they could speak, they wald them wary. curse
 But I have maist into despite
 Poor claggocks clad in Raploch white, draggle-tails
 Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees, scarce
 Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
 Kittock, that cleckit was yestreen, born
 The morn, will counterfeit the queen. to-morrow
 In baron nor byre she will not bide, barn
 Without her kirtle tail be side.
 In summer, when the streets dries,
 They raise the dust aboon the skies;
 Nane may gae near them at their ease,
 Without they cover mouth and neese. nose
 I think maist pane after ain rain,
 To see them tuckit up again:
 Then when they step furth through the street,
 Their fauldings flaps about their feet;
 Of tails I will no more indite,
 For dread some duddron me despite: slut
 Notwithstanding, I will conclude,
 That of side tails can come nae gude,
 Sider nor may their ankles hide,
 The remanent proceeds of pride,
 And pride proceeds of the devil,
 Thus alway they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen—
 They hide their face all bot the een;
 When gentlemen bid them gude-day,
 Without reverence they slide away.
 Without their faults be soon amended,
 My flyting, sir, shall never be ended;
 But wald your grace my counsel tak,
 Ane proclamation ye should mak,
 Baith through the land and burrowstouns, towns
 To shaw their face and cut their gowns.
 Women will say, this is nae bourds, jest
 To write sic vile and filthy words;
 But wald they clenge their filthy tails, clean
 Whilk over the mires and middings trails,
 Then should my writing clengit be,
 None other mends they get of me.

SATIRE ON THE THREE ESTATES.

My potent pardons ye may see,
 Come frae the Cham of Tartary,
 Weel sealed with oyster-shells;
 Though ye have no discretion,
 Ye shall have full remission,
 With help of books and bells.

Here is a relic lang and braid
 Of Fin-mac-Coul the right chaft blade, jaw
 With teeth and all togidder; together
 Of Colin's cow here is a horn,
 For eating of Makammel's corn
 Was slain inro Balquhidder.

Here is the cord, baith great and lang,
 Whilk hanged Johnnie Armstrang,
 Of gude hemp saft and sound;
 Gude haly people, I stand for't, holy
 Whae'er be hanged in this cord,
 Needs never to be drowned!

The culum of St. Bride's cow,
 The gruntle of St. Antone's sow,
 Whilk bore his haly bell;
 Whae'er hears this bell clink
 Give me a ducat to the drink,
 He shall never gang till hell—

Without he be with Belial born:
 Masters, trow ye that this be scorn?
 Come, win this pardon, come!
 Wha loves their wives not with their heart,
 I have power them to depart:
 Methink you deaf and dumb.

Has none of you cursed wicked wives,
 That halds you into sturt and strifes? trouble
 Come take my dispensation;
 Of that cummer I shall make you quit, gossip
 Howbeit yourself be in the wyte, blame
 And make ane false narration.

Come win the pardon! Now let see
 For meal, for malt, or for money—
 For cock, hen, goose, or grise,
 Of relics here I have a hunder,
 Why come ye not? This is a wonder;
 I trow ye be not wise,

Sir Thomas Wyatt. { Born 1503.
Died 1541.

A DISTINGUISHED courtier in the reign of Henry VIII., he was secretly attached to Anne Boleyn, whom he has commemorated in his verse. He was fortunate in escaping the suspicion and tyranny of Henry, and died while on a mission for him in France. His poetical pieces were few.

THE LOVER'S LUTE.

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that per force he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length:

The secret groves which oft we made resound,
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays:

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins averted and swift ybreated horse;
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The wide vales, eke, that harboured us each night,
Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast,
The sweet accord such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest:

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just;
Wherewith we passed the winter night away.

And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:

O place of bliss! renewer of my woes,
Give me accounts, where is my noble fere;
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
To other leef, but unto me most dear:

Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint,

And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

Anne Askewe.

{ Born 1520.
 { Burnt 1546.

ONE of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII. she was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. The following was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.

LIKE as the armed Knighte,
 Appointed to the fielde,
 With this world wil I fight,
 And faith shall be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,
 Which wil not faile at nede;
 My foes therefore amonge,
 Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
 And forces of Christes waye,
 It wil prevaile at lengthe,
 Though all the Devils saye *naye*.

Faith of the fathers olde
 Obtained right witnèss,
 Which makes me very bolde
 To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoyce in harte,
 And hope bides me do so;
 For Christ will take my part,
 And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
 To them wilt Thou attendè;
 Undo, therefore, the locke,
 And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have
 Than heeres upon my head;
 Let them not me deprave,
 But fight Thou in my steade.

On Thee my care I cast,
 For all their cruell spight;
 I set not by their hast,
 For Thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
 My anker to let fall
 For every drislinge mist;
 My shippe's substancial.

Not oft I use to wright
 In prose, nor yet in ryme;
 Yet wil I shewe one sight,
 That I sawe in my time.

I sawe a royall throne,
 Where Justice shulde have sitte;
 But in her steade was One
 Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,
 As by the raginge floude;
 Sathan, in his excess
 Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lorde,
 When Thou shalt judge us all,
 Harde is it to recorde
 On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I Thee desire,
 For that they doe to me,
 Let them not taste the hire
 Of their iniquitie.

Richard Edwards.

1523 to 1566.

MASTER of the singing boys of the Chapel Royal, he published some pieces under the title of "*Amantium Irae*," of which the following has been much admired.

RENEWING OF LOVE.

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
 She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe
 to rest,
 That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her
 breast.
 She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her
 child;
 She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smiled;
 Then did she say: "Now have I found the proverb true
 to prove,
 The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."
 Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
 In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.

Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:

Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness.
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
 Tell skill it is pretension,
 Tell charity of coldness,
 Tell law it is contention.
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay,
 Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming,
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell, virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon;
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
 My bottle of salvation;

My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's 'balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains.
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first to quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms—
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,

And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head:
 Then am I, like a palmer, fit
 To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

Edmund Spenser.

{ Born 1553
 { Died 1599.

SPENSER WAS one of the great men who, from age to age, mark out the general course of poetry, and who take a place among the few selected from the illustrious of every age, whom we look up to as the instructors of all time. He claimed to be descended from a noble family, though the chief evidence of the truth of the assertion is, that he took his place in Queen Elizabeth's court as a gentleman of birth. He was born in East Smithfield about the year 1553, in humble circumstances. In his sixteenth year he was entered as a sizar at Cambridge, where he continued seven years, and where he took the degree of A.M. After leaving Cambridge he obtained an introduction to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated his first poem, "The Shepherd's Calendar," published in 1579. In 1580 he was appointed Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland; and six years afterwards he obtained a grant of forfeited land in the county of Cork, where he fixed his residence in the Old Castle of Kilcolman. Here he brought home his wife, the "Elizabeth" of his sonnets; and here he wrote the greater part of his immortal poem, the Faery Queen. The first part was published in 1589, and met with an enthusiastic reception. Queen Elizabeth at once settled a pension of £50 a year on the poet. In 1596 the second part of the Faery Queen issued from the press. It was intended to have been continued, but was never completed. But fortune, which had so long befriended him, now changed; the Tyrone rebellion broke out in 1598, his house was burned, and his infant child perished in the flames. He had to flee with his wife to England in the greatest destitution, and, dejected and heart-broken, he died in the following year, in the forty fifth year of his age, in a small lodging in London. His remains were laid beside those of Chaucer in Poet's Corner. "The term Faery is used by Spenser to denote something existing in the regions of fancy, and the Faery Queen is the impersonation of glory; the knights of Faeryland are the twelve virtues, who are the champions of the queen."

UNA AND THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody felde;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sit,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living ever, him adored:
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
 Right faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad. dreaded

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave
 (That greatest, glorious Queene of Faery-lond),
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave:
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne yearn
 To prove his püissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low; folded
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw, robe
 As one that inly mournd; so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
 Seeméd in heart some hidden care she had;
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernal feend, with foule uprore,
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or weariéd with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast, sweetheart

That everie wight to shroud it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yelad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall;

The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerours,
And poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours, forsaken lovers
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will, yew
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round, plane
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound. oak

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne, whence they did stray, thinking
They cannot find that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own;
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside: her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place:
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushéd suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswagéd, with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kist her weary feet,
 And lickt her lily hands with fawning tong;
 As he her wronged innocéce did weete.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had markéd long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him loved, and ever most adord
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;

With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 " But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward
 And when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd;
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceiv'd her intent.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men then beasts: but O the exceeding grace
 Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant, clouds
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant! fighting
 They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward duly
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward;
 O why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

THERE the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 And none does others happinesse envye;

The painted flowers; the trees upshooting hye;
 The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
 The trembling groves; the christall running by;
 And, that which all faire works doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scornéd parts were mingled with the fine,)
 That Nature had for wantonesse ensude followed
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
 So striving each the other to undermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautify
 So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree
 Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
 Of which some seemed with lively iollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes. bathe

And over all, of purest gold, was spred
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well advised it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
 Low his lascivious armes adowne did creepe, loose
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
 Which drops of christall seemed for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
 Out of this fountain, sweete and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie
 That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All payd beneath with jaspas shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound presently
 Of all that mote delight a daintie ear,

Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare,
 Was there consorted in òne harmonee;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
 The angelical soft trembling voyces made
 To the instruments divine response meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall:
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answeréd to all.

ON HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
 From this base world unto thy Heaven's hight,
 Where I may see those admirable things
 Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
 Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
 That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
 Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's King.

BEFORE THIS WORLD'S GREAT FRAME, in which all things
 Are now containd, found any being place,
 Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
 About that mightie bound which doth embrace
 The rolling spheres, and parts there houres by space
 That high Eternall Powre, which now doth move
 In all these things, moved in it selfe by love.

It loved it selfe, because it selfe was faire
 (For fair is loved); and of itself begot
 Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
 Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
 The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
 Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
 Whom he therefore with equal honour crownd.

With him he raigned, before all time prescribed,
 In endlesse glorie and immortall might,

Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull Love, that Loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the Heaven's illimitable hight,
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dared their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission
The brightest angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

The Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,

And with his onely breath them blew away
 From Heaven's hight, to which they did aspyre,
 To deepest Hell, and lake of damned fyre,
 Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
 Hating the happie light from which they fell.

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
 Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,
 Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
 In his wyde pallace, through those angels' fall
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new unknownen colony therein,
 Whose root from earth's base groundworke should begin

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
 According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
 Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breathed a living spright
 Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
 Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
 Him to be lord of every living wight
 He made by love out of his owne like mould,
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behould:
 For love doth love the thing beloved to see,
 That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Maker's grace,
 No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,
 Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
 Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
 Where they for ever should in bonds remaine,
 Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
 Made of meere love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
 In that deep horror of despeyred Hell,
 Him, wretch, in doole would let no longer dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious syre,

He downe descended, like a most demisse
 And abiect thrall, in fleshe's fraile attyre,
 That he for him might pay sinne's deadly hyre,
 And him restore unto that happie state
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
 Could make amends to God for man's misguyde,
 But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:
 So, taking flesh of sacred virgin's wombe,
 For man's deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
 Without all blemish or reproachfull blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torne
 Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
 Revyling him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
 And slew the iust by most uniust decree.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
 O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
 Most lively image of thy Father's face,
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
 Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood.

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
 But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
 Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
 Had he required life for us againe,
 Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine?
 He gave us life, he it restored lost;
 Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
 Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
 As he himselfe hath loved us afore-hand,
 And bound thereto with an eternall band,
 Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
 And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
 Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;

All other loves, with which the world doth blind
 Weake fancies, and stirre up affection's base,
 Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
 And give thy selfe unto Him full and free,
 That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possesse,
 And ravisht with devouring great desire
 Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
 In flame with love, and set thee all on fire
 With burning zeale, through every part entire,
 That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
 But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee dye,
 And all Earthe's glorie, on which men do gaze,
 Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
 Compared to that celestiall beautie's blaze,
 Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
 With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skill,
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 The idee of his pure glorie present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
 With sweete enagement of celestiall love,
 Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

Sir Philip Sidney. { Born 1554.
 Killed 1586.

SIDNEY is known both for his prose and poetical writings. He was born at Penshurst in Kent of noble parentage, his father being Sir Henry Sidney, and his mother a daughter of the Duke of Northumberland. When a boy, his genius attracted general notice; and when he was presented at court, his fascinating manners and commanding figure speedily won the favour of Queen Elizabeth, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood. So much did he become necessary to her, that she used her influence to prevent him from being elected King of Poland. Sidney afterwards commanded in a battle before the walls of Zutphen in Gueldres, where he was mortally wounded, and died at the early age of thirty-two. It is related of him that as he was borne from the field faint from loss of blood, he asked for water; but just as the bottle was put to his lips he saw a dying soldier looking wistfully at it, and resigned it, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

SONNETS.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
 To me that feel the like thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers' scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of wo,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low.
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
 Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
 Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excel in this,
 Think nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
 I saw thee with full many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planéts on thy streams did shine.
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
 While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
 Ravished, staid not, till in her golden hair
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:
 And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
 Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window I,
 With sight thereof, cried out: "O fair disgrace;
 Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place."

Robert Southwell.

{ Born 1560.
 Exec. 1595.

AN English Jesuit. A victim to the persecuting laws of that period, he wrote some poems in prison, which were very popular at the time. The following piece, Ben Jonson says, is so written that he could destroy many of his own.

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty Babe all burning bright,
 Did in the air appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though his floods should quench his flames,
 Which with his tears were bred.
 "Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born,
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel my fire, but I;
 My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel, wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes, shames and scorns;
 The fuel justice layeth on,
 And mercy blows the coals;

The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men's defiled souls:
 For which, as now on fire I am,
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in my blood:"
 With this he vanished out of sight,
 And swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

Christopher Marlowe. { Born 1564.
 { Killed 1593.

ONE of the greatest of the dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare, he was born at Canterbury on 26th February, 1564. His father was a shoemaker, but some kind friends enabled him to attend the King's school in Canterbury, where he received a good education. From thence he proceeded to Cambridge, where he took his degree of A.M. While at Cambridge he wrote his first play, "Tamburlaine," which at once became a great favourite. "Faustus," his second play, abounds in passages of thrilling power. His power of depicting the terrible is unsurpassed; and that highest attribute of genius, originality, was possessed by him in the greatest degree. Shakespeare has founded many of his finest pieces on the suggestions of Marlowe. But Marlowe's great promise was cut short by his being killed in a discreditable brawl in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS *alone*.—*The Clock strikes Eleven.*

Faust. Oh, Faustus,
 Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
 And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
 Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease and midnight never come.
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day! or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite, noctis equi.
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
 Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
 See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
 One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,
 Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
 Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.

Where is it now? 'tis gone!
 And see a threat'ning arm and angry brow.
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
 No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
 Gape earth. Oh no, it will not harbour me.
 You stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
 That when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The Watch strikes.

Oh, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
 Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
 No end is limited to damned souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Oh, Pythagoras! metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Into some brutish beast.
 All beasts are happy, for when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
 Curst be the parents that engendered me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
 Oh soul, be changed into small water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

Oh mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me.
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while:
 Ugly hell gape not; come not, Lucifer:
 I'll burn my books: Oh, Mephistophiles!

William Shakespeare. { Born 1564. Died 1616.

SHAKESPEARE was born on 23d April, 1564, in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, and though looked on, even in his day, as the greatest poet England had ever produced, the materials of his biography are of the most scanty kind. His father was a wool-dealer and butcher, and though in humble, was never in straitened circumstances. Shakespeare received only a plain education, having at school made no progress beyond the rudiments of Latin. While only eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a small farmer at Shottery, near Stratford. She was considerably older than himself. Nothing is known of his occupation at this period, excepting that he was making a figure in the justice of peace-court for deer-stealing. After one of these visits to the justice-court he appears to have written a satirical ballad on the justice, which he affixed to his park gate. The ballad has been lost, but it is said to have been so bitter that Shakespeare had at last to flee to London, where he began his career at the theatres by holding horses for gentlemen who came to the play. He afterwards was admitted inside the theatres to act the humbler parts of the drama. From this moment he rose rapidly, and although all details are wanting, it is known that in his twenty-fifth year he was a sharer in the profits of the representations. In 1593 appeared his first poem, "Venus and Adonis," and in 1594 "Lucrece." About the same time he appears to have become part proprietor of the Globe Theatre, and on the fair way to fortune. His plays were now issued in rapid succession. The latter years of Shakespeare's life were spent in ease and retirement; he had accumulated a fortune and retired to his native village, where he passed the remainder of his life. He had three children by Anne Hathaway, two girls and a boy; the daughters only survived their parent. Shakespeare died in his fifty-second year, on his birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the parish church of Stratford, where his monument may still be seen.

MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.

MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Macbeth. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?—or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made th' fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whilst I threat, he lives—
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
 Hear it not Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[Exit.]

LOVE SCENE.

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound—
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks;
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[Juliet appears above at a window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she;
 Be not her maid since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
 It is my lady; O! it is my love;
 O that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it—
 I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

OTHELLO RELATES HIS COURTSHIP TO THE
SENATE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is 'most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore shall I little grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience
I will a round / unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole / course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic—
For such proceeding I am charged withal—
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me, oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history.
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my lot to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,

The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence:
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
 She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man:—she thanked me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story;
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.

LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to!—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause—there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 That undiscovered country from whose bourne
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. *Hamlet.*

FEAR OF DEATH.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death. *Measure for Measure.*

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight.
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T' entrap the wisest: therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I; joy be the consequence.

Merchant of Venice.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though Justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *Merchant of Venice.*

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
As You Like It.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell'
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in:—
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served the king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Henry VIII.

MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
 Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud—
 Which is the hot condition of their blood—
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted. *Merchant of Venice.*

IMAGINATION.

LOVERS and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, to poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Sir Robert Ayton.

{ Born 1570.
 { Died 1638.

A SCOTTISH poet and courtier, whose few pieces evince a delicacy of fancy rarely equalled; they are also written in the purest English.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief as is the blame;
 Thou are not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same?
 He that can love unloved again,
 Hath better store of love than brain:
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine;
 Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recall,
 That if thou might elsewhere inthral;
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
 And changed the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good-fortune boast;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost;
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging to a beggar's door.

Dr. John Donne.

{ Born 1573.
 { Died 1631.

DEAN of St. Paul's, and founder of the Metaphysical School of poetry. His father was a London merchant, descended from an ancient family in Wales. Donne received a liberal education, and travelled in Spain and Italy. On his return he was appointed secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Unfortunately he fell in love with a niece of the Chancellor, whom he privately married. This brought on his dismissal from his situation, and a whole train

of troubles. He afterwards obtained a reconciliation with his wife's friends; and having won King James's favour, he was made Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards obtained other livings, which enabled him to live in affluence. He died in 1631.

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ!
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but
restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
 I give my physic book; my written rolls
 Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals, unto them which live
 In want of bread; to them which pass among
 All foreigners, my English tongue:
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
 The world by dying, because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth,
 And all your graces no more use shall have
 Than a sun-dial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all
 three.

Ben Jonson.

{ Born 1574.
 { Died 1637.

BENJAMIN JONSON, of the family of the Johnstones of Annandale, was born at Westminster in 1574. His father was a clergyman. Jonson was educated at Westminster School; and after leaving it, enlisted as a soldier, and served with the army in Flanders. At the age of 20 we find him again in London, married, first acting, and then writing plays. In 1598 his first play was acted at the Globe Theatre, Shakespeare being one of the actors. His plays were very successful, and brought him greatly into notice; and he was appointed Poet Laureate, with a pension ultimately raised to £100 a year. Jonson was often in quarrels and trouble from a too free use of his pen. On one occasion he assisted in writing a piece called "Eastward Hoe," which so greatly libelled the Scotch that James I. had him arrested, and with the other authors put in prison; from which, however, he was very soon released. His plays number about fifty in all, and were the beginning of a new style of English Comedy. He died 16th August, 1637, and is buried in Westminster Abbey, where on his tablet is inserted, "O rare Ben Jonson."

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

WHAT would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman:
 Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
 That would I have you do, and not to spend
 Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
 Or every foolish brain that humours you.
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 Till men's affections, or your own desert,
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.
 He that is so respectless in his courses,
 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 Nor would I you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
 And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
 But moderate your expenses now (at first)
 As you may keep the same proportion still.
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
 From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
 Except you make, or hold it.

THE PLEASURES OF HEAVEN.

THERE all the happy souls that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;
 And each shall know there one another's face,
 By beatific virtue of the place.

There shall the brother with the sister walk,
 And sons and daughters with their parents talk;
 But all of God: they still shall have to say,
 But make him all in all their theme that day;
 That happy day that never shall see night!
 Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
 Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
 A music in the ears will ever last;
 Unto the scent, a spicery or balm;
 And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm,
 He will all glory, all perfection be,
 God in the Union and the Trinity!
 That holy, great, and glorious mystery,
 Will there revealed be in majesty,
 By light and comfort of spiritual grace;
 The vision of our Saviour face to face,
 In his humanity! to hear him preach
 The price of our redemption, and to teach,
 Through his inherent righteousness in death,
 The safety of our souls and forfeit breath!
 What fulness of beatitude is here!
 What love with mercy mixed doth appear!
 To style us friends, who were by nature foes!
 Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
 Had lost ourselves; and prodigally spent
 Our native portions and possessed rent!
 Yet have all debts forgiven us; an advance
 By imputed right to an inheritance
 In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
 Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.

Joseph Hall,

{ Born 1574.
Died 1656

BISHOP OF NORWICH.

Author of several satires published under the title of *Vergidemi-
arum* in 1597.

THE POOR GALLANT.

SEEST thou how gaily my young master goes,
 Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
 And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
 And picks his gluttoned teeth since late noon-tide?
 'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to day?

In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.
Many fair younker with a feathered crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touched no meat of all this livelong day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seemed sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have—as I did it mistake—
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new found bravery.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain!
Though he perhaps ne'er passed the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frightened head,
One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Like'st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
Reared on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

Beaumont and Fletcher. { Beaumont b. 1585, d. 1615.
Fletcher b. 1576, d. 1625.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and John Fletcher have been conspicuous for a literary partnership in the composition of dramas to an extent heretofore unknown. The number issued under their joint authorship was above fifty, and embraced a period of ten years. It is said that "Beaumont found the judgment, and Fletcher the fancy," so conspicuous in these dramas. Though both these authors wrote poems published under their respective names, they are now chiefly known from the plays which have blended their genius in indissoluble connection. Beaumont was a descendant of an ancient family in Leicester, and Fletcher was son of the Bishop of London.

FROM PHILASTER.

HUNTING the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow.

Philip Massinger. { Born 1584.
 { Died 1640.

A TALENTED but unfortunate tragic poet, born near Salisbury, and a dependent of the Earl of Pembroke. Little is known of his life, except from the incidental notices of his misfortunes. His plays are still known in the theatrical world. He died in March, 1640.

ARISTOCRATIC TYRANNY.

BRIEFLY thus, then,
Since I must speak for all; your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they numbered
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things ordered
With such decorum as wise lawmakers,
From each well-governed private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hewed for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride steps in and riot, and o'eturned
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown useless,
Are less esteemed than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possessed of.

William Drummond.

{ Born 1585.
Died 1649.

THIS Scottish Poet was born at his patrimonial seat, Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, 13th December, 1585. He received his education in Edinburgh University, his parents expecting he would prosecute the profession of the law; but his father dying in 1610, he thought his paternal estate sufficient for his wants, and he therefore followed out his own tastes by devoting himself to literary pursuits. His poems are replete with beauty and classic elegance, and he ranks high among the reformers of versification. In his forty-fifth year Drummond married the granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, and died in 1645.

A SOLITARY LIFE.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Wood's harmless shades have only true delights.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs—
Attired in sweetness—sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

THE RIVER FORTH FEASTING.

WHAT blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps?
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glitterings throngs, these meteors
 bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause and love arise;
What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
My much beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun does roll.
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feathered silvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they used to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rained when his blue eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:

For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
 And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
 Strew all your springs and grotts with lilies fair.
 Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and pray
 Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday;
 Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
 Which see the rising or the setting sun,
 Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's snows:
 Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne, tortoise-like, that flows;
 The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
 Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;
 Ness, smoking sulphur, Leve, with mountains crowned,
 Strange Lomond for his floating isles renowned;
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
 The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
 The crystal-streaming Nith, loud bellowing Clyde,
 Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
 Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams
 The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names;
 To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
 Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests;
 And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
 Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
 This day shall by our currents be renowned;
 Our hills about shall still this day resound:
 Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
 Let us with it henceforth begin our year.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

"BRIGHT portals of the sky,
 Emboss'd with sparkling stars;
 Doors of eternity,
 With diamantine bars,
 Your arras rich uphold;
 Loose all your bolts and springs,
 Ope wide your leaves of gold;
 That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

"Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
 He doth ascend the air;
 Straight doth the Moon him shroud
 With her resplendent hair:

The next encrystall'd light
Submits to him its beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

“He towers those golden bounds
He did to Sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend,
Above each turning sphere
That, robed in glory, Heaven's King may ascend.

“O Well-spring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of Heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given.

“What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen;
Streams, which diverted were
(And, troubled, stray'd, unclean)
From their first source, by thee home turned are.

“By thee, that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exiled from thence,
Now put away is far;
With sword, in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradise.

“Now each ethereal gate
To him hath open'd been;
And Glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
In the most holy place,

Not without blood addrest,
With glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with grace.

“Stars, which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And entheate from above,
Their sovereign prince laud, glorify, adore.

“The choirs of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

“O glory of the Heaven!
O sole delight of Earth!
To Thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation, and our song.”
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

Robert Herrick.

{ Born 1591.
Died 1634.

BORN in London in 1591. He was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire by Charles I. During the civil wars he was ejected by Cromwell, but at the Restoration was again replaced in his vicarage, where he died in 1634. The poetical works of Herrick were neglected for many years after his death, but since then some of his short lyrical pieces have been set to music, and are still sung, such as “Cherry Ripe,” “Gather the Rosebuds.” He is also the author of some Hymns.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO PRIMROSES,

Filled with Morning Dew.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss

From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
“That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.”

FOR COMFORT IN DEATH.

In the hour of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half-damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Francis Quarles.

{ Born 1592.
Died 1644.

BORN near Romford, Essex; was cup bearer to Elizabeth of Bohemia; afterwards secretary to Archbishop Usher in Ireland, where he lost most of his wealth in the Rebellion of 1641. He joined Charles in the civil wars; and having had all his property sequestered by Parliament, and his MS. plundered, he took the matter so much to heart that it hastened his death, which took place in 1644.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend

The least delight:

Thy favours cannot gain a friend,

They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end

To please at night:

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,

And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st

With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales

Of endless treasure;

Thy bounty offers easy sales

Of lasting pleasure;

Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,

And swear'st to ease her:

There's none can want where thou supply'st:

There's none can give where thou deny'st.

Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised 'ear regards

What earth can say?

Thy words are gold, but thy rewards

Are painted clay:

Thy cunning can but pack the cards,

Thou canst not play:

Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;

If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:

Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint

Of new-coined treasure;

A paradise, that has no stint,

No change, no measure;

A painted cask, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
 Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
 With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
 On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

 What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
 To haberdash
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash?
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash?
 Are these the goods that thou supply'st
 Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
 Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou ly'st.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE—and have some cause to love—the earth:
 She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
 She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee!
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
 Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
 But what's the air or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
 She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
 Without thy presence heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
 Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
 Without thy presence air's a rank infection;
 Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
 Are subjects far too low for my desire;
 The brightest beams of glory are—at most—
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly glowworms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
 Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness:
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labours got?
 Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?
 I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of thee.

DECAY OF LIFE.

THE day grows old, the low pitched lamp hath made
 No less than treble shade,
 And the descending damp doth now prepare
 To uncurl bright Titan's hair;
 Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
 Her purples, fringed with gold,
 To clothe his evening glory, when the alarms
 Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.
 Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
 The spirits of all flesh;
 The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
 To taste the slipp'ry streams;
 The droiling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry whining guests:
 The boxbill, ouzle, and the dappled thrush,
 Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
 To cobweb every green;
 And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
 The fast declining year:
 The sapless branches doff their summer suits
 And wain their winter fruits;
 And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
 To the next door to-night;
 Her sprightless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn
 Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
 Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
 Lights but to further pains,
 And in a silent language bids her guest
 Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitched her painful plough
 Upon the furrowed brow;
 And snowy blasts of discontented care
 Have blanched the falling hair:
 Suspicious envy mixed with jealous spite
 Disturbs his weary night:
 He threatens youth with age; and now, alas!
 He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

Grey hairs peruse thy days, and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last:
 Those hasty wings that hurried them away
 Will give these days no day:
 The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire
 Until her works expire:
 That blast that nipped thy youth will ruin thee;
 That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike
 the tree.

FLEEING FROM WRATH.

Ah! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
 Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
 Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
 My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
 Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

George Herbert.

{ Born 1593.
Died 1633.

HERBERT was of noble birth, being descended from the Earls of Pembroke. His elder brother was Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Herbert was born at Montgomery Castle in Wales, on 3d April, 1593, and was educated to push his way at court; but in 1626 circumstances induced him to enter into sacred orders, and he was settled as prebend of Layton Ecclesia, near Spalding. In uncertain health, he afterwards was made rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury, where he passed the remainder of his short life in the exercise of the duties of his office, with saintlike zeal and devotion. Here he wrote his poems, which breathe in verse the rules laid down by himself for his own direction as a *country parson*. He died in 1633.

VERTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My musick shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

LIFE.

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by:
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
 But Time did becken to the flowers, and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my hand.
 My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
 I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition;
 Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
 Making my minde to smell my fatall day,
 Yet sugring the suspicion.
 Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent
 Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures.
 I follow straight without complaints or grief,
 Since if my scent be good, I care not, if
 It be as short as yours.

THE SEARCH.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
 My Lord, my Love?
 My searches are my daily bread;
 Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eies the skie:
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me denie
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above
Simper and shine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my scout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having store)
Into a grone,
Because the search was dumbe before:
But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps the present, leaving th' old
Unto their sinnes?

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather brasse,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kisse,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
 As is thy space,
 Thy distance from me; see my charge,
 Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away:
 Turn, and restore me:
 Be not Almighty, let me say,
 Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare;
 What edge so keen,
 What point so piercing can appeare
 To come between?

For as thy absence doth excell
 All distance known:
 So doth thy nearnesse bear the bell,
 Making two one.

THE QUIP.

THE merrie world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay,
 And all in sport to geere at me.

First, Beautie crept into a rose;
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those?
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poore man? said he:
 I heard in Musick you had skill:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
 In silks that whistled, who but he!
 He scarce allow'd me half an eie:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy designe
 To answer these fine things shall come;
 Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
 And then they have their answer home.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
 Let me once know.
 I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd, if Peace were there.
 A hollow winde did seem to answer, No;
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat:
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I lookt the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown Imperiall: Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
 What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began:
 There was a Prince of old
 At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave,
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
 Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth:
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That vertue lies therein;

A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue
Is onely there.

James Shirley.

{ Born 1596.
{ Died 1666.

A DISTINGUISHED dramatist, of whom it was said by the Censor that his plays were free from "oaths, profaneness, or obscenity." He was born in London in 1596, and was designed for holy orders. He officiated as curate at St. Albans, but resigned the curacy on becoming a Roman Catholic. He then removed to London, where he became a successful writer for the stage. Thirty-nine plays came successively from his pen, besides a volume of poems. He lost all his property at the great fire of London, and died amid the distress occasioned by it in 1666.

DEATH THE CONQUEROR OF ALL.

THE glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at length must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom from the dust.

Edmund Waller.

{ Born 1605.
Died 1687.

AN English Poet, born at Coleshill in 1605. While yet a child he was left heir to an estate of £3000 a year. His mother was a Hampden, and also related to Oliver Cromwell. Waller wrote his first poem in his eighteenth year. His intellectual powers were of the highest order; and being graceful in his manners and sprightly in conversation, he was a general favourite. Waller was utterly destitute of political principle, siding with the Parliament in the civil war, and seeking to betray them to the King; writing praises on Cromwell when in power; and on Charles II. and James II. after the restoration, and carrying off his apostasy with a flow of sparkling wit which made his peace with all. Charles challenged him for having written a panegyric on him inferior to that on Cromwell; "It is more easy for poets to write fiction than truth," was the reply. Waller was a keen observer of political matters, and is said to have given James II. much good advice. He died on 21st October, 1687, at Beaconsfield.

ON LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.
For women—born to be controlled—
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed opprest,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest
With tyrant's force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,

Behold as many gallants here,
 With modest guise and silent fear,
 All to one female idol bend,
 While her high pride does scarce descend
 To mark their follies, he would swear
 That these her guard of eunuchs were,
 And that a more majestic queen,
 Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
 In vain I struggled with the yoke
 Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
 When next beheld, like lightning strook
 My blasted soul, and made me bow
 Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
 Of some smooth stream about to drink,
 Surveying there his armed head,
 With shame remembers that he fled
 The scorned dogs, resolves to try
 The combat next; but if their cry
 Invades again his trembling ear,
 He straight resumes his wonted care;
 Leaves the untasted spring behind,
 And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

WHEN Britain, looking with a just disdain
 Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
 And knowing well that empire must decline
 Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
 Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
 To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the main
 Our naval army had besieged Spain:
 They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
 Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
 From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
 Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
 Only the English make it their abode,
 Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
 And make a covenant with the inconstant sky:
 Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
 We tread on billows with a steady foot.

AT PENSURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
 To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
 Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
 He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
 One so destructive. To no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
 That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs
 Which not more help than that destruction brings.
 Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
 Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song
 With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose
 The memory of what augments my woes,
 But with my own breath still foment the fire,
 Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
 Of just Apollo, president of verse;
 Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
 Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
 Thus he advised me: "On yon aged tree
 Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
 That there with wonders thy diverted mind
 Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
 Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging main,
 And from the winds and tempests does expect
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect!

Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heav'n has heaped on her.

John Milton.

{ Born 1608.
 { Died 1674.

THIS, the most illustrious of the whole line of English poets, was born in his father's house, the Spread Eagle, in Bread Street, London, on the 9th December, 1608. His father was a scrivener, or money-broker, who had embraced the Protestant faith, and who appears to have been a man of considerable parts. The scrivener seems to have been most anxious to give his son a good education, and placed him early under private tuition; from thence he was sent to St. Paul's School, and afterwards to Christ's College, Cambridge. It is believed that his intense study at college laid the seeds of his future blindness. After leaving Cambridge he retired to Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had purchased a small estate. Here he composed some of his beautiful minor pieces. At twenty-one he composed his magnificent "Hymn on the Nativity," and at twenty-six he produced his "Comus," founded on an occurrence to the family of the Earl of Bridgewater. When about thirty he went to Italy, where he was received with the greatest honour. On the breaking out of the civil wars he returned to England, and ranged himself on the side of the Parliament; and as the literary champion of the Commonwealth, he published many controversial pieces. In 1645 he published his *Allegro and Penseroso*. The poet's eyesight had been failing for some years past, and at last in 1652 he became totally blind. Milton had married in 1643 Mary Powel, the daughter of a Royalist gentleman. She died in 1656, leaving three daughters, who survived their father, and of whom Milton says they were often "undutiful and unkind." In 1656 he married Katherine Woodcock, a London lady, with whom he lived happily, but who died in 1658. The Restoration, in 1660, changed completely the position and prospects of Milton, who was deprived of all his public employments. Milton now devoted himself to a great work which he had for some time contemplated, and which he had lately commenced,—"*Paradise Lost*," which appeared in 1667. For this immortal poem he only received £15. In 1671 appeared "*Paradise Regained*." Milton had in 1663 contracted a third marriage—Elizabeth Marshall, his own cousin, was the lady. She was only twenty-four when she was married, and survived the poet fifty-three years. He had been for some time suffering from hereditary disease, and tranquilly passed away from this life in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Row, on 8th November, 1674, in his sixty-sixth year. He was buried in the parish church of St. Giles', Cripplegate.

FROM HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born Child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathise:

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing:
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book I.)

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right; farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

SPEECH OF MOLOCH.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book II.)

"MY sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now;
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels! and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

SPEECH OF BELIAL.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book II.)

"I SHOULD be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: We must exasperate
The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;

Not more almighty to resist our might,
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
 Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The Victor's will."

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book IV.)

"O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King:
 Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe:
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
 O had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;

Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

PARADISE.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book IV.)

"So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round:
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape: and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

ADAM'S ADDRESS TO EVE.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book IV.)

"SOLE partner, and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,

Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite;
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge; of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest
 God has pronounced it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book IV.)

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,

It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
 Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warned me: What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image: back I turned;
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
 Whom flyest thou? whom thou flyest, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

EVENING IN PARADISE.

(From "*Paradise Lost*," Book IV.)

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MORNING IN PARADISE.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book V.)

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep
 Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough; so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwakened Eve
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching whispered thus: "Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book V.)

"THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good:
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then,
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fallest.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now flies,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise,
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

THE EXPULSION FROM HEAVEN.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book VI.)

"So spake the Son, and into terror changed
 His countenance too severe to be beheld,
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
 The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arrived; in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infixed
 Plagues: they, astonished, all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmeted heads he rode,
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wished the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the four-fold visaged four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them ruled; and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
 The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies, to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heaven; which, opening wide,
 Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book XII.)

THE archangel stood; and from the other hill
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning. Iligh in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

(From "Paradise Regained," Book IV.)

THE tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
 From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
 In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell
 On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as nigh, and sturdiest oaks,
 Bowed their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,

O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there;
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environed thee, some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Satest unappalled in calm and sinless peace!

GLORY.

(From "*Paradise Regained*," Book III.)

FOR what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
 And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise?
 They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extolled,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
 His lot who dares be singularly good?
 The intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
 This is true glory and renown: when God,
 Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through heaven
 To all his angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

Samson. Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
 They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day!
 O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
 "Let there be light, and light was over all;"
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the scul,
 She all in every part; why was this sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched?
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
 Buried, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs:
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.

FROM "COMUS."

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true
 My best guide now: methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
 When for their teaming flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth,
 To meet the rudeness, and swilled insolence,
 Of such late wassailers; yet O! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge

Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And aery tongues that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemished form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

FROM "L' ALLEGRO."

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,

* * *

Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.

* * *

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,

In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony.

FROM "IL PENSEROSO."

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;

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Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulder drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state
 With even step, and musing gait;
 And looks commencing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet.

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Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,

Not tricked and frowned as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves,
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

Sir John Suckling.

{ Born 1609.
 { Died 1641.

A POET and courtier, celebrated in the court of Charles I. He became implicated in the political troubles of the age, and fled to France, where he died in 1641.

FROM A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

THE maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce:
 No grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring;
 It was too wide a peck:
 And, to say truth—for out it must—
 It looked like the great collar—just—
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light:
 But oh! she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight,

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison;
 Who sees them is undone:
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly;
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get:
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

Richard Crashaw.

(Born 16—
 } Died 1640.

A RELIGIOUS poet born in London, but the date unknown. During the civil wars, having refused to conform to the rules of the Parliament, he was ejected from a fellowship he enjoyed. He removed to France, where he became a Roman Catholic. He was afterwards made canon in the church of Loretto, in Rome, where he died about 1650. He wrote a volume of Latin poems, as well as several volumes of English poetry.

HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I SING the Name which none can say,
 But touched with an interior ray;
 The name of our new peace; our good;
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
 The name of all our lives and loves
 Hearken and help, ye holy doves!
 The high-born brood of day; you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs-elect of love; whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
 Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory! soul—if such thou be,
 And that fair word at all refer to thee—

Awake and sing,
 And be all wing!
 Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
 What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
 O thou art poor
 Of noble powers, I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me;
 Narrow and low, and infinitely less
 Than this great morning's mighty business.
 One little world or two,
 Alas! will never do;
 We must have store;
 Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
 Go and request
 Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
 Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres,
 Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
 Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble art, and traverse round
 The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
 And beat a summons in the same
 All-sovereign name,
 To warn each several kind
 And shape of sweetest—be they such
 As sigh with supple wind
 Or answer artful touch—
 That they convene and come away
 To wait at the love-crowned doors of that illustrious day.
 Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden show'rs, with long-stretched hands! •
 Lo, how the labouring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth
 The attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turned to eyes;
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turned them to tears, and spent them too.
 Come, royal name! and pay the expense
 Of all this precious patience:
 Oh, come away
 And kill the death of this delay

Oh see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears!
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope—
Love's eastern windows—all wide ope

 With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
Oh, dawn at last, long-looked-for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

 Oh, they are wise,
And know what sweets are sucked from out it.

 It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
The birth of our bright joys.

 Oh, thou compacted
Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
Oh, dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
 In balmy showers!

Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee
Fair flow'ry name! in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,

 Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is defined thus—

 That no perfume
 For ever shall presume

To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee
Sweet name! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are

Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art

To awake them,
And to take them

Home, and lodge them in his heart.
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.

Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire

The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which enriched the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!

For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee;

Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds

Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty

They that by love's mild dictate now
 Will not adore thee,
 Shall then, with just confusion, bow
 And break before thee.

TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? O rather say,
 One went to brag, the other to pray:

One stands tip close and treads on high,
 Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God.

Dr. Samuel Butler.

{ Born 1612.
 { Died 1680.

THE only work of note written by Butler is "Hudibras," a burlesque upon the Puritans. It is a witty, comic poem on the model of "Don Quixote," and of course gives a very extravagant view of the peculiarities of the Puritan times. Butler was born in 1612 at Strensham, in Worcestershire. His father was only able to give him a limited education, and it appears that Butler's whole life was a struggle with poverty. He seems to have made little or nothing by his work, which was originally published in parts; the first part in 1663, the second three years later, and the third not till 1678. He died in London in 1680.

RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

FOR his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit.
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough reformation,

Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended;
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to.
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite;
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for;
 Freewill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow;
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin;
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON (*Abridged*).

(*A Satire upon the Royal Society.*)

A LEARNED society of late,
 The glory of a foreign state,
 Agreed, upon a summer's night,
 To search the moon by her own light;
 To take an invent'ry of all
 Her real estate, and personal;

And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire;

This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approved the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Quoth he: 'Th' inhabitants o' the moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep and eighty round—
In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy—
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiller
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Called Prevolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly enraged,
Are in a bloody fight engaged,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.'

With that a great philosopher,
Admired and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Applied one eye and half a nose
Unto the optic engine close;
Observed his best, and then cried out:
'The battle's desperately fought;

The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.'

While thus the learned man entertains
Th' assembly with the Prevolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produced best jennet-mules,
And in the register of fame
Had entered his long-living name,
After he had pored long and hard
I' th' engine, give a start, and stared—

Quoth he: 'A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparalleled
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amazed, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' emboss.'

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' the fight,
And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perused of th' elephant his share;
When one, who, for his excellence
In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnified himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue:

'Most excellent and virtuous friends,
This great discov'ry makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains;
For, by this sole phenomenon,
We've gotten ground upon the moon,
And gained a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,

And plant the artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact narrative
Of what we ev'ry one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon't.'

This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
To print it in the next transaction;
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange memoir, o' th' telescope,
One peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the elephant advance,
And from the west side of the moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amazed anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolved, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.

But while they were diverted all
With wording the memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turned virtuosis for their pleasure:
Began to gaze upon the moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the ngine creep,
And, viewing well, discovered more
Than all the learned had done before.
For he had scarce applied his eye
To th' engine, but immediately

He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swelled into an elephant,
And proved the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had penned the wonderful narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accursed phenomenon
Confounded all they'd said or done:
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' elephant;
Avowed his snout could be no mouse's,
But a true elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
Others conceived it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the transaction,
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent;
But ere the tube was half let down,
It cleared the first phenomenon;
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all passed muster, by mischance.
Both for the Sub- and Prevolvans.
This being discovered, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Ashamed that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldesed by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insect's swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
But when they had unscrewed the glass,
To find out where the imposter was,

And saw the mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amazed, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone,
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

LOVE.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.
As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when their glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

Sir John Denham.

{ Born 1615.
 { Died 1668.

HE was born at Dublin in 1615, and on his father's promotion in the English Exchequer he was sent to Oxford, where he acquired a taste for gambling which he never overcame, and his happiness, in consequence, consisted chiefly in the enjoyment of low pleasures. He died at the age of fifty-three.

COOPER'S HILL.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
 Thames! the most loved of all the ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers who their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil;
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind:
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 Oh, could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme;
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamoured youth gazed here,

So fatally deceived he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
 Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives.
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.

Richard Baxter.

{ Born 1615.
 { Died 1691.

THIS eminent divine, though well known for his prose writings, especially his "Saint's Everlasting Rest," is scarcely known to have been a writer of verse, yet many of his pieces are exceedingly beautiful, and breathe the very essence of Christian piety.

FAITH AMIDST TRIALS.

I TURN'D my back on worldly toys,
 And set my face towards glory's shore;
 Where Thou hast promised highest joys,
 And blessedness for ever more.
 I took my leave of sin and earth;
 What I had loved, I now did hate;
 Ashamed of my former birth,
 I gave my life a newer date.

But since that time, how I am tost!
 Afraid of every storm and wave,
 Almost concluding I am lost,
 As if Thou wouldst not help and save.
 If I look out beyond thine ark,
 Nothing but raging floods I see;
 On this side heaven all's deep and dark,
 But I look farther unto Thee.

Spare Lord, and pity thy poor dust,
 That fled into thy ark for peace;
 O cause my soul on Thee to trust!
 And do not my distress increase.

O keep up life and peace within,
If I must feel thy chastening rod!
Yet kill not me, but kill my sin;
And let me know, Thou art my God.

Why art thou, fainting soul, cast down?
And thus disquieted with fears?
Art thou not passing to thy crown,
Through storms of pain and floods of tears?
Fear not, O thou of little faith!
Art thou not in thy Saviour's hand?
Remember what his promise saith;
Life and death are at his command.

To Him I did myself intrust,
When first I did for heaven embark,
And he hath proved kind and just;
Still I am with him in his ark.
Couldst thou expect to see no seas?
Nor feel no tossing wind or wave?
It is enough that from all these
Thy faithful pilot will thee save.

Lord, let me not my covenant break;
Once I did all to Thee resign;
Only the words of comfort speak,
And tell my soul that I am thine.
It is no death when souls depart,
If Thou depart not from the soul:
Fill with thy love my fainting heart,
And I'll not fading flesh condole.

My God, my love, my hope, my life!
Shall I be loath to see thy face?
As if this world of sin and strife,
Were for my soul a better place?
O give my soul some sweet foretaste
Of that which I shall shortly see!
Let faith and love cry to the last,
Come, Lord, I trust myself with Thee.

Abraham Cowley.

{ Born 1618.
Died 1667.

COWLEY was exceedingly popular in his own times, though he is somewhat neglected now. He began to write poetry in early life, having published a volume of poems in his thirteenth year. Cowley was born in London in 1618, and after receiving his early education at Westminster, he was sent to Cambridge, in which University he obtained a fellowship. He resided there till 1643, when he was ejected by the parliamentary visitors as being a royalist. He joined Charles II. in France, but was very coldly received. After the Restoration he was more kindly treated, and obtained a grant or lease of some lands, which yielded him £300 a-year. He retired on this income to Chertsey, where he lived for seven years. He died 28th July, 1667.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and saint! To thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead, with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And build vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou—though spells and charms withstand—
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land.

* * * *

How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death.
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms! Thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
Where, like some holy sacrifice t'expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother-church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't and grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant, and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below,
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires;
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount, alive, the skies!

HEAVEN AND HELL.

(From the Davideis.)

SLEEP on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with dim tapers scatter darkness there.
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal now does always last.
Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
Gold which above more influence has than he—
Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath the eternal fountain of the waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does e'erflow;
No bound control the unwearied space but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.

Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
 Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
 No dawning morn does her kind red display;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the day;
 No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
 Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night.
 Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
 Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains.
 Once general of a gilded host of sprites.
 Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
 But down like lightning which him struck he came,
 And roared at his first plunge into the flame.
 Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
 With dropping lights thick shone the singed air.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old negro's darksome womb,
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow!
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy wingèd arrows fly?
 Swiftmess and power by birth are thine;
 From thy great Sire they come, thy Sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
 The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY
OF RICHES.

WHY dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
Oh, man! ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is reaping thee.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet Death at all that subtlety will laugh;
Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou would seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In bus'ness that concerns not thee;
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud—
 Though shining bright, and speaking loud—
 Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
 And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune! which dost fair appear
 Only to men that stand not near:
 Proud Poverty, that tinsel brav'ry wears,
 And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
 In a weak boat trust not the deep;
 Placed beneath envy—above envying rise;
 Pity great men—great things despise.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
 Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;
 Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

THE WISH.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah! yet, ere I descend to the grave,
 May I a small house and large garden have,
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!
 And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are,
 Only beloved, and loving me!

Oh fountains! when in you shall I
 Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
 Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade?
 Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,

Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heaven, did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

Andrew Marvel.

{ Born 1620.
{ Died 1678.

A DISTINGUISHED senator, known better for his prose writings than his poetry, which, however, sparkles with wit and humour. He satirised the licentious court of Charles II. with much freedom. Some of his pieces abound in touches of great beauty. He was born at Winsted, in Lincolnshire, on 2d March, 1620, and died in 1678.

DEATH OF THE FAWN.

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,

And nothing may we use in vain;
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he: 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew so every day,
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,

And white, shall I say ? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land !

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty, skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay ;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself should rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed ;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

THE EMIGRANTS IN THE BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The list'ning winds received their song :—
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?

Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs;
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shade the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shews.
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet.
 But apples, plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars, chosen by his hand,
 From Lebanon he stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast—of which we rather boast—
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound his name.
 Oh let our voice his praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which then perhaps rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexic bay.'
 Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

Henry Vaughan.

{ Born 1621.
 { Died 1695.

AUTHOR of a number of poems, chiefly devotional. He was intended for the bar, but in consequence of the civil wars he returned to his native place, Newton in Brecknock, where he followed the profession of physician, and where he died in 1695.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:

Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing!
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries; the first, the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE NATIVITY.

AWAKE, glad heart! get up, and sing!
It is the birth-day of thy King;
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and all the way,
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake! awake! hark, how th' wood rings;
 Winds whisper, and the busy springs
 A concert make!
 Awake! awake!
 Man is their high-priest, and should rise
 To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird or star,
 Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
 Above this inn
 And road of sin!
 Then either star or bird should be
 Shining, or singing still to thee.

I would I had in my best part
 Fit rooms for thee! or that my heart
 Were so clean as
 Thy manger was!
 But I am all filth and obscene;
 Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu! *will* then; let no more
 This leper haunt and soil thy door;
 Cure him, ease him,
 O release him!
 And let once more, by mystic birth,
 The Lord of life be born in earth.

John Dryden.

{ Born 1631.
 { Died 1701.

His contemporaries having left his life unwritten, nothing now can be known of this great poet beyond what uncertain tradition has supplied. John Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire. He was first sent to Westminster School, and afterwards to Cambridge. His college life gave few indications of his future greatness, and it was not till 1658, when in his twenty-seventh year, that he became a public candidate for fame. He then wrote heroic stanzas on the death of Cromwell. In 1666 he published a long poem, "Annus Mirabilis," an account of the events of 1666, which is esteemed one of his most elaborate works. He was now so much talked of that he succeeded Davenant as poet-laureate and royal historiographer, for each of which posts he received £100 a year. About 1673 Dryden had his complacency put to a severe test by the publication of a play by Elkanah Settle, which became very successful on the stage, and which threatened the supremacy of Dryden. Dryden could not repress his temper, and wrote such a criticism of the play as could only be the result of malignant jealousy. From this time play after play issued from Dryden's prolific pen and were generally well received. In 1681 Dryden united politics with his poetry, and wrote a memorable satire called "Absalom and Achitophel," on the faction of which Shaftesbury

and Monmouth were the heads. The reception this satire met with was extraordinary; the allusions were quite understood, and the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony filled every mind with delight; the Duke of Monmouth was Absalom, the Earl of Shaftesbury was Achitophel, the Duke of Buckingham was Zimri. In another poem he lashes Settle under the name of Boeg. Dryden seems to have been a time-server; to please James VII., he became a Roman Catholic. The first public fruits of the change was the "Hind and Panther," an allegorical poem in which the main arguments of the Roman Church are fully stated; the poem is sharp and unsparing in its wit and satire. The Hind represents the Papacy, and the Panther the Church of England. The Revolution of 1688 deprived Dryden of his offices, and as notwithstanding all he had written he remained poor, necessity still urged him forward, and in his declining years he produced some of his noblest works. Among these may be mentioned his immortal Ode to St. Cecilia, or Alexander's Feast, which has never been surpassed. It shed a lustre on the last days of the poet, who died in Gerard Street, on 1st May, 1701. A subscription was made for a public funeral, and he was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

FROM "ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL."

CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

OF these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages cursed:
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke;

The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:

ACHITOPHEL'S ADDRESS TO MONMOUTH, AND HIS REPLY.

"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promised land:
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign!
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight!
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.

Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun the example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people thronged to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand."

He thus replied:—"And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign!
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews and raised the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirit and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that fate, propitiously inclined,
Had raised my birth, or had debased my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,

And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
 Why am I scant'd by a niggard birth?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a godlike sin."

CHARACTER OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes;
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggard'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left no faction, but of that was left.

RELIGIO LAICI.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is Reason to the soul: and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
 And found that one first principle must be
 But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmoved; yet making, moving all;
 Or various atoms' interfering dance
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
 Or this great all was from eternity;
 Not even the Stagirite himself could see:
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
 As blindly groped they for a future state;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd;
 This every little accident destroy'd:
 The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil,
 A thorny or at best a barren soil:
 In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found their line too short, the well too deep;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?
 For what could fathom God, were more than He.

FROM "THE HIND AND PANTHER."

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
 Without unspttoed, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds

Aim'd at her heart, was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd;
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart:
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropp'd half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
 So should desert in arms be crowned.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair;
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the power of mighty Love!
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed;
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
 world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face.
 Now, give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain:

Fought all his battles o'er again:

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And, while he heaven and earth defied,

Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of fate below;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see

That love was in the next degree:

'Twas but a kindred sound to move;

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honour but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;

So love was crowned, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark! hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head,
 As awaked from the dead,
 And, amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries;
 See the Furies arise;
 See the snakes that they rear!
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew:
 Behold how they toss their torches on high!
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
 Thaïs led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving billows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

Earl of Roscommon.

{ Born 1635.
 { Died 1685.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, and nephew of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. His chief poem is "Essay on Translated Verse," of which the following is an extract.

THE MODEST MUSE.

How nice the reputation of the maid!
 Your early kind paternal care appears
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
 Let not austerity breed servil fear;
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
 Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Bishop Ken.

{ Born 1637.
 { Died 1710.

THOMAS KEN, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was born in Hertfordshire in 1637. Though a man of unyielding conscientiousness, he was made a bishop by Charles II. He was one of the seven prelates sent to the Tower for opposing the usurpations of James II. He is chiefly known as the author of the "Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns."

EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under the shadow of thy wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O let my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

Sir Charles Sedley

{ Born 1639.
Died 1701.

ONE of the wits of the court of Charles II., with whom he was a great favourite. He wrote plays and poems greatly admired in his time. His songs are, however, his happiest compositions.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Al! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.
When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 And Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favoured you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employed the utmost of his art—
 To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my chains approve,
 I shall my freedom hate.
 Lovers, like dying men, may well
 At first disordered be,
 Since none alive can truly tell
 What fortune they must see.

Thomas Otway.

{ Born 1651.
 { Died 1685.

Of this unfortunate dramatist not much is known. He was born in Sussex on 3d March, 1651, the son of the rector of Wolbeding. He began his connection with the theatre in early life as an actor, in which he had small success; he obtained, however, an acquaintance with dramatic art which enabled him in 1675 to write a play which had a successful run at the theatres, and which he followed by others. From this time till 1685, when he wrote his last play, "Venice Preserved," he was constantly in the deepest poverty through extravagance. He died on 14th April, 1685, from sheer starvation.

FROM "VENICE PRESERVED."

Scene—St. Mark's. Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!

Jaffier. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!

My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch

You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak

In right, though proud oppression will not hear me.

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er

Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,

I need not now thus low have bent myself

To gain a hearing from a cruel father.

Wronged you?

Pri. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,

The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.

You may remember—for I now will speak,
 And urge its baseness—when you first came home
 From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
 By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
 Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
 My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
 My very self, was yours; you might have used me
 To your best service; like an open friend
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
 When, in requital of my best endeavours,
 You treacherously practised to undo me;
 Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
 My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
 Oh! Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
 Childless had you been else, and in the grave
 Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five years are past,
 Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
 The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
 And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
 Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
 You made for safety: entered first yourself;
 Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
 When instantly I plunged into the sea,
 And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
 That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
 Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
 Rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me,
 Till for her life she paid me with herself.

PARTING.

From "The Orphan."

WHERE am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
 And never more shall find the way to rest.
 But O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved

To punish me with everlasting absence?
 Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
 Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
 Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
 Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
 Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked!
 Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
 I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
 They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
 Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
 Give me but one kind word to think upon,
 And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.

MORNING.

WISHED morning's come; and now upon the plains
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
 The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
 The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
 And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up;
 And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.
 The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
 Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Matthew Prior.

{ Born 1664.
 { Died 1721.

AN English poet, born in Dorsetshire, of humble origin; but whose abilities raised him to a position of considerable eminence in the political world. Having attracted the regards of the Earl of Dorset, he was sent to Cambridge University, where he distinguished himself. In 1687, in conjunction with Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, he produced the "City Mouse and Country Mouse," a reply to Dryden's "Hind and Panther," which it is said brought tears of vexation to the eyes of Dryden. Prior was thus brought into notice, and rose to some of the most responsible posts; having been appointed successively secretary to the embassy at the Hague, secretary to the embassy at the Treaty of Ryswick, under-secretary of State, commissioner at the Board of Trade, and ultimately am-

bassador to France; such a career is the lot of few humble-born poets. In 1715, on his recall from France, he was arrested on a charge of high treason, but after two years' confinement was set at liberty without a trial. During his confinement he wrote his poem of "Alma;" and being now left without employment or money, he had recourse to the publication of a collected edition of his poems, which was published by subscription, and which realised about £4000. On this he retired from public life; but died at Wimpole, the seat of the Earl of Oxford, on 18th September, 1721, in his fifty-seventh year.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
 Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung:
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define!
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
 To weary tortures and rejoice in fire:
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
 When Moses gave them miracles and law:
 Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
 A symbol's sound were better than my voice—
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
 And much she suffers as she much believes—
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
 She builds our quiet as she forms our lives:
 Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.
 Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bounds and due restriction knows:
 To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail and Prophecy shall cease;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
 A little we discover, but allow
 That more remains unseen than art can show:
 So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above)
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By faith directed, and confirmed by hope;
 Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawning of beams and promises of day;
 Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled—
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and Holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy.
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity!
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE CHAMELEON.

As the Chameleon, who is known
 To have no colours of his own;
 But borrows from his neighbour's hue,
 His white or black, his green or blue;
 And struts as much in ready light,
 Which credit gives him upon sight,
 As if the rainbow were in tail
 Settled on him and his heirs-male;
 So the young squire, when first he comes
 From country school to Will's or Tom's,
 And equally, in truth, is fit
 To be a statesman, or a wit;
 Without one notion of his own,
 He saunters wildly up and down,
 Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes notice of a staring lad,

Admits him in among the gang;
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
 He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
 Smeared with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
 His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
 That read and comment upon news;
 He takes up their mysterious face;
 He drinks his coffee without lace;
 This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
 What they have said the week before;
 His wisdom sets all Europe right,
 And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
 Or if it be his fate to meet
 With folks who have more wealth than wit.
 He loves cheap port, and double bub,
 And settles in the Humdrum Club;
 He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
 Holds poverty the greatest vice;
 Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
 And says that learning spoils a nation.
 But if, at first, he minds his hits,
 And drinks champagne among the wits;
 Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
 Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
 Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
 And's loved by those he never saw.

POETASTERS.

DEAR Thomas, did'st thou never pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop?
 There, Thomas, did'st thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage,
 In jumping round a rolling cage;
 The cage, as either side turned up,
 Striking a ring of bells at top?—

Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
 But, here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades,
 In noble song and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleased with their own verses' sound;
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
 Always aspiring, always low.

Jonathan Swift.

{ Born 1667.
 { Died 1745.

THIS extraordinary man, more famous as a political writer than a poet, was born in Dublin in 1667. He was at first a candidate for court patronage; but being somewhat unsuccessful, he took orders in the Irish Church, where he rose to be Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. To give even a sketch of his stirring life would exceed the limits of a simple notice. He was the idol of the Irish people, whose cause he advocated; and was a very scourge to his political adversaries, his pen being equally irresistible and unscrupulous. His "Tale of a Tub," published in 1704, created an immense sensation, and will ever be connected with his name. As a poet he never rose beyond the commonplace, his mind having little of the ideal; but he depicts the absurdities of his times with graphic power. As the author of "Gulliver's Travels," he will ever be remembered with interest. For about three years before his death his mind began to give way. He died on 17th October, 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, amid the universal lamentations of his countrymen.

A CITY SHOWER.

MEANWHILE the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
 Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while every spout's a broach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed—
 Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, run them through—
 Læocoon struck the outside with his spear,
 And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.

A MODERN LADY.

THE modern dame is waked by noon
 (Some authors say not quite so soon),
 Because, though sore against her will,
 She sate all night up at quadrille.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise:
 Of headache and the spleen complains;
 And then, to cool her heated brains,
 Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
 Takes a large dram of citron-water.
 Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
 Don't I look frightfully to-day?
 But was it not confounded hard?
 Well, if I ever touch a card!
 Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille*!
 Depend upon't, I never will.
 But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 The ladies here to-night by six."
 "Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
 He says, 'His business is to know
 If you'll redeem the silver cup
 He keeps in pawn?'"—"First, show him up."
 "Your dressing-plate he'll be content
 To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*

And, madam, there's my Lady Spade,
 Hath sent this letter by her maid."
 "Well, I remember what she won;
 And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 Here, carry down those ten pistoles
 My husband left to pay for coals:
 I thank my stars, they all are light;
 And I may have revenge to-night."
 Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme;
 Her last night's ill success repeats,
 Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
 "She slipped *spadillo* in her breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a jest:
 There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 And to each other give the sign."
 Through every game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

LINES ON HIS OWN DEATH.

THE time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of nature die;
 When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends:
 And, though 'tis hardly understood,
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
 "See, how the dean begins to break!
 Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he's dead.
 Besides, his memory decays:
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind;
 Forgets the place where last he dined;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

“For poetry, he’s past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I’d have him throw away his pen—
But there’s no talking to some men.”

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
“He’s older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he’s quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring.”
They hug themselves and reason thus:
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess—
When daily how-d’ye’s come of course,
And servants answer: “Worse and worse!”—
Would please them better than to tell,
That, God be praised! the dean is well.
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
“You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first.”
He’d rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? he’s just alive.
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town has run;

"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?"
 I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.

"To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub Street wits are all employed
 With elegies the town is cloyed:
 Some paragraph in every paper
 To curse the dean or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame:
 "We must confess his case was nice;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
 He might have lived these twenty years;
 From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court the dean is dead.
 And Lady Suffolk in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell the queen;
 The queen so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries: "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
 He's dead, you say; then let him rot!
 I'm glad the medals were forgot.
 I promised him, I own; but when?
 I only was the princess then;
 But now as consort of the king,
 You know 'tis quite another thing."
 Now Charteris, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy;
 "Why, if he died without his shoes
 (Cries Bob), I'm sorry for the news;
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will!
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided Bolingbroke was dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.

He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love, my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry:
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot: "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago." "The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane.
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff."

Joseph Addison.

{ Born 1672.
 { Died 1719.

ADDISON, famous both as a prose and poetical writer, was the son of the Dean of Litchfield, and born at Milston, Wiltshire, on the 1st May, 1672. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, at the age of fifteen, and soon distinguished himself by his classical knowledge. In 1695 a complimentary poem, written by him on one of King William's campaigns, obtained for him a pension of £300 a-year to enable him to travel. He resided abroad for two years, where he wrote his "Poetical Letter from Italy" to Lord Halifax. In 1704 he was appointed under secretary of state, and accompanied the Marquis of Wharton, the lord lieutenant, to Ireland. While there he contributed largely to the "Tatler," which had just been started by Steele. His career as an essayist threw all his contemporaries into the shade, and his papers in the "Spectator" were read wherever English literature existed. In 1713 appeared his "Tragedy of Cato." On this his chief fame as a poet rests; it met with immense popularity, and was translated into many foreign languages. Addison is also the author of some of our finest hymns. In 1716 he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, by whom he had one daughter. The marriage was far from being a happy one. A year after he was appointed secretary of state, but not finding the situation suited to his talents, he retired into private life with a pension of £1500 a year. In his retirement he was ever busy with the pen, and wrote many pieces of sacred poetry. Addison died at Holland House, on the 17th June, 1719, in the forty ninth year of his age.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

FOR wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
 Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
 See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
 Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
 Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile,

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BUT now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangours animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:

Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretched out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeon heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when Heav'n designed to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlooked the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
 And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

FROM TRAGEDY OF CATO.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality!
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works—he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
 Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,

That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Dr. Isaac Watts.

{ Born 1674.
{ Died 1748.

THIS distinguished divine and poet was born at Southampton, on 17th July, 1674. In early life he showed such talents, that a subscription was proposed to send him to the University; but being a Dissenter, and inclining to remain one, he went to an academy taught by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, where he remained till he was twenty. During this time he had been "a maker of verses," especially in Latin. After this he obtained the situation of tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke-Newington, where he remained for four years, when he was, in his twenty-fourth year, chosen assistant-pastor to Dr. Chauncey, an Independent minister. Bad health in a short time incapacitated him for the full discharge of his pastoral duties, and an assistant was appointed by the congregation. A friend, Sir Thomas Abney, was so kind, in the circumstances, as offer him apartments in his house; he removed thither, and for thirty-three years was the cherished inmate of Abney House. During this period he composed his "Logic," "Improvement of the Mind," and the many hymns and sacred songs which enrich every collection of religious poetry. He died at Abney House, 25th November, 1748, at the age of seventy-five.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy?
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
Pleasure must be dashed with pain:
And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere:
Earth has no unpolluted spring,
From the cursed soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false but flattering charms;
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye:
In our embrace the visions die:
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon,
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confused the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd the eternal hills;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field;
 When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
 But all our fond cares to preserve them is vain,
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

Thomas Parnell.

{ Born 1679.
 { Died 1718.

PARNELL, though born in Dublin, was the child of English parents, who had purchased a considerable property in Ireland, which afterwards was inherited by the poet. He was educated for holy orders, and in 1703 was appointed to the archdeaconry of Clogher, and some time after to the vicarage of Finglas. As residence was not obligatory, he spent most of his time in London. He delighted in writing poetry, and he published translations, hymns, songs, &c., from time to time during his short career. He is chiefly known now by his piece "The Hermit." He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, on 18th October, 1718, in his thirty-ninth year.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
 Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow;

But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And, "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk, of various kinds, deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
The lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain.
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast—
'Twas then his threshold first received a guest—
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine—
Each hardly granted—served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;

And why should such—within himself he cried—
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

“Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!”
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant showed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends,
But silence here the beauteous angel broke—
The voice of Music ravished as he spoke:

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,

The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning-draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God—
Child of his age—for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run;
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back?
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun:

“Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.”
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place
And passed a life of piety and peace.

NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
“Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.”
Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat, smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown,

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
 These, all the poor remains of state,
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
 Who, while on earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

“LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favourites of the sky
 With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head?
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?
 “Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
 Increasing Avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o’er the vales;
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That Solitude’s the nurse of wo.
 “Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.”—
 ’Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceived
 The branches whispered as they waved;

It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
 When thus she spoke—"Go, rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow:
 Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Edward Young.

{ Born 1681
 { Died 1765.

THE author of "Night Thoughts" was born in June, 1681, at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father was rector. He received his early education at Winchester school, and he afterwards was sent to Oxford, where he took his degree. His first public appearance as a poet was in 1712, in an "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne;" and his reputation as a poet was fully established by the publication of "The Last Day," "The Force of Religion," and "The Love of Fame." In 1725 Young obtained a pension of £200 a year, which he enjoyed till his death. In 1730 he obtained the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, and about the same time married a daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, with whom he lived happily till she died, ten years after. Her death was the occasion of his writing his noble poem, the "Night Thoughts." Young lived at Welwyn till April, 1765, when he died at the ripe age of eighty-four.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Extracts from "Night Thoughts."

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from wo,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
 I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
 From wave to wave of fancied misery
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
 Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
 A bitter change!—severer for severe:
 The day too short for my distress; and night,
 E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
 Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
 From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
 To reason, and on reason build resolve—
 That column of true majesty in man—
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
 The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye?

Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
 O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind—
 A mind that fain would wander from its wo—
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
 It is the signal that demands dispatch:
 How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
 A dread eternity! how surely mine!
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!

How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave:
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
'This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
 And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come;
 Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
 Had been an emperor without his crown.
 Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race:
 He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
 So should all speak; so reason speaks in all:
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,
 Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
 For rescue from the blessings we possess?
 Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
 Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
 A power ethereal, only not adored.

We push time from us, and we wish him back:
 Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
 Oh the dark days of vanity! while
 Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
 The spirit walks of every day deceased,
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
 And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordained,
 Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death:
 He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

A weight, let fall
 From a fix'd star in ages can it reach
 This distant earth? Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
 Where ends this mighty building? where begin
 The suburbs of creation? where the wall
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 Of non-existence—nothing's strange abode!
 Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
 His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
 Weigh'd worlds, and measured infinite no more,
 Where rears his terminating pillar high
 Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
 In characters illustrious as the sun—
 "I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
 The work accomplish'd, the creation closed:
 Shout all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;
 Of all that lives, or if devoid of life,
 That rests or rolls, ye heights and depths resound!
 Resound! resound! ye depths and heights resound!"
 Hard are those questions!—Answer harder still.

Throw years away?
 Throw empires, and be blameless: moments seize;
 Heaven 's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
 Bid him drive back his car and re-impart
 The period past, re-give the given hour.
 Lorenzo! more than miracles we want.
 Lorenzo! O for yesterdays to come!

THE MAN WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
 What nothing less than angel can exceed,
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;
 Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
 With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave.
 A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
 8*

Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
 His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care, the future his.
 When public welfare calls, or private want,
 They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
 Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
 Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
 His the composed possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
 All of one colour, and an even thread;
 While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
 e'er ever on the brink of being born:
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 At least their own; their future selves applaud;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
 Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune than our happiness:
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
 Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor.
 But what are they who droop amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
 The happy only are the truly great.
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
 Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
 Our envy would be due to large expense;
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
 They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
 A decent competence we fully taste;
 It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast;
 More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
 The rich must labour to possess their own.
 To feel their great abundance, and request
 Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
 To see their treasure, hear their glory told,
 And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touched with warmth divine,
 Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;
 All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestowed.

Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
 Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
 And, while their bounties glide, concealed from view,
 Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O THOU? whose balance does the mountains weigh;
 Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
 Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
 That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
 Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 And on thy never-ceasing goodness calls.

Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 To scatter wide, or bury in the deep.

Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
 And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.

Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
 At thy command, nor human motive know!

If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 And sin the graceful indignation raise.

My love be warm to succour the distressed,
 And lift the burden from the soul oppressed.

Oh! may my understanding ever read
 This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!

May sea and land, and earth and heaven be joined,
 To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!

When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,

May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!

When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,

Adore, my heart, the majesty divine.

Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,

Open with prayer the consecrated day;

Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,

And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:

As that advances, let my zeal improve,

And glow with ardour of consummate love;

Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun

My endless worship shall be still begun.

And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night,

To sacred thought may forcibly invite.

When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,

Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;

Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
 And show all nature in a milder light:
 How every boist'rous thought in calm subsides!
 How the smoothed spirit into goodness glides!
 Oh, how divine! to tread the milky-way
 To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
 His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew:
 Pleased to look down, and see the world asleep;
 While I long vigils to its Founder keep.

Allan Ramsay.

{ Born 1686.
 { Died 1758.

THIS Scottish poet was born in 1686 at Leadhills, a small village in Lanarkshire, where his father held the situation of manager in a lead mine. He remained there till he was fifteen, when he was apprenticed to a wig-maker in Edinburgh. It was not till he was twenty-six years of age that he commenced writing poetry; when an address to "The Easy Club" brought him into notice. He wrote various light humorous pieces, which were sold separately at a penny each, and which became very popular; he was so successful in this mode of publishing, that he set up a shop as a regular bookseller and publisher. Various small pieces came from his pen, till, in 1726, appeared his celebrated pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd." In 1743 his circumstances enabled him to build a house on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, which is called Ramsay Lodge to this day. He died there on the 7th January, 1758, in the seventy-second year of his age.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ON MARRIAGE.

(From the "Gentle Shepherd.")

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 move
 My settled mind; I'm ower far gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
 But want o' him, I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art—
 His words they thirl like music through my heart.
 How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is—— But what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a';
 Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
 But little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay.
 The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
 Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
 It's no to gie: your merchant's to the bent.

His honour maunna want—he poinds your gear;
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's required; let Heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth, we through the warld will steer;
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
 Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we:
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile
 Sae, whenso'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
 In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford;
 Good-humour and white bigonets shall be

Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the iither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you!—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.

THE POET'S WISH.

FRAE great Apollo, poet say,
What is thy wish, what wadst thou haec,
When thou bows at his shrine?
Not Carse o' Gowrie's fertile field,
Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,
That are baith sleek and fine:
Not costly things brought frae afar,
As ivory, pearl, and gems;
Nor those fair straths that watered are
With Tay and Tweed's smooth streams,
Which gently, and daintily,
Pare down the flow'ry braes,
As greatly, and quietly,
They wimple to the seas.

Whaeever by his canny fate
Is master of a good estate,
That can ilk thing afford,
Let him enjoy't withoutten care,
And with the wale of curious fare
Cover his ample board.
Much dawted by the gods is he,
Wha to the Indian plain

Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,
 And safe returns again,
 With riches, that hitches
 Him high aboon the rest
 Of sma' fowk, and a' fowk,
 That are wi' poortith prest.

For me, I can be well content
 To eat my bannock on the bent,
 And kitchen't wi' fresh air;
 Of lang-kail I can make a feast,
 And cantily haud up my crest,
 And laugh at dishes rare.
 Nought frae Apollo I demand,
 But through a lengthened life
 My outer fabric firm may stand,
 And saul clear without strife.
 May he then, but gi'e then,
 Those blessings for my share;
 I'll fairly, and squarely,
 Quit a', and seek nae mair.

Alexander Pope.

{ Born 1688.
 { Died 1744.

THIS celebrated poet was born on 22d May, 1688, in Lombard Street, London; his father was a linen-draper, in good circumstances. Pope was a Roman Catholic, and was educated at the Roman Catholic Seminary at Twyford, near Winchester. So early as the age of twelve he wrote his ode to "Solitude," and at sixteen he had commenced his Pastorals—which brought him into acquaintance with the eminent men of his times. In 1711 appeared his "Essay on Criticism," one of the finest pieces of argumentative poetry in the language. Shortly after he published the "Rape of the Lock," "Windsor Forest," and then commenced his translation of the "Iliad;" this was so successful that he cleared by it above £5000. He then, with the assistance of two friends, translated the "Odyssey," on which he gained about £3000. In 1727-8 he published some Miscellanies, which drew upon him a volley of lampoons and libels. Pope's spirit rose to the occasion, and he pilloried the authors of the lampoons in the "Dunciad;" this was published in 1729, and created an immense sensation. In 1731-5 he published his great work, the "Essay on Man." From this time to the end of his life he occupied himself chiefly with the "Imitations of Horace." In the beginning of 1744 his health, which had never been very good, began to decline rapidly, and he died at Twickenham on 30th May, 1744, aged fifty-six years.

FROM THE MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

FROM ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh, ever beautiful, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
 Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
 Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And separate from their kindred dregs below;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

FROM "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

FIRST follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides:
 In some fair body thus the informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muses' steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devised,
 Are nature still, but nature methodised;
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
 Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from heaven.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil so much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

FROM "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

AND now, unveiled, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

* * *

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous Baron the bright locks admire;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
 Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

* * *

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear and arm him for the fight.

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 To enclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again;)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies;
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

FROM "THE DUNCIAD."

BUT, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
 There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear:
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,

Inspired he seizes: these an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns: a folio commonplace
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted birthday ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end;
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of business the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
Oh! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Me emptiness, and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity, and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fallen lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT up the door, good John! fatigued I said,
 Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The dog-star rages? nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
 By land, by water, they renew the charge;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
 Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
 Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls!
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and to my works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
 Friend to my life!—which did you not prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song—
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I,
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility; I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel: "Keep your piece nine years."

Bless me! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "furies, death, and rage!"
 If I approve, "commend it to the stage."
 There—thank my stars—my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
 Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
 And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 "Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurs but double his attacks:
 At last he whispers: "Do, and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 "Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
 You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.

John Gay.

{ Born 1688.
 { Died 1732.

Was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1688, of an old but decayed family. He was apprenticed to a silk mercer in London, but he soon showed such a dislike to the business that his master cancelled his indentures, and he was free to follow his taste for literary pursuits. In 1713 he published his "Rural Sports," which gained him the acquaintance of Pope; and in 1714 appeared "The Shepherd's Week," which, being a true picture of rural life, became very popular. In 1715 he brought out "What d'ye call it?" a comic drama which met with little favour. This was followed in 1716 by "Trivia" and "The Fan." In 1720 he published a collected edition of his poems by subscription, which brought him about £1000, and in 1726 he cleared about £700 by "The Beggar's Opera." Gay is also known as a writer of fables; one volume was published in 1726, and the other after his death, which occurred on 4th December, 1732. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obeyed,
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more,
 O endless! though divine!—Eternity,
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee!
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! What is life? with illen compassed round,
 Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound:
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow, death destroys his airy schemes.
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confined?
 Think, all that treasure thou must leave behind;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazoned hearse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hands disperse.
 Should certain fate the impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay:
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To launch from earth into eternity.
 For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way,
 Complied with everything, like GAY,
 Was known by all the bestial train,
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-throated thunder flies:
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath:
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;

Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
 What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the Horse appeared in view!
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight;
 To friendship every burden's light."
 The Horse replied: "Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
 Be comforted; relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored,
 And thus replied the mighty lord:
 "Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.
 Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
 Expects me near yon barley mow;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place.
 To leave you thus might seem unkind;
 But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained:
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed.
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
 In this important care engage?
 Older and abler passed you by;
 How strong are those, how weak am I!
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 How shall we all lament! Adieu!
 For, see, the hounds are just in view!"

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
“Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?”

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

“O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

Matthew Green.

{ Born 1696.
Died 1737.

AUTHOR of "The Spleen," was born in London in 1696. He was a man of pleasing temper, but disposed to hypochondria. He died at his lodgings in Gracechurch Street, in 1737.

CURES FOR MELANCHOLY.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit;
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence,
 Nor think nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on Fancy's neck the reins.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pulled against the tide.

Robert Blair.

{ Born 1699.
 { Died 1746.

THE author of "The Grave," was born at Edinburgh in 1699, his father being a clergyman of the Church of Scotland there. Blair was educated for the ministry, and previous to his ordination, wrote the poem now inseparably connected with his name; it was published in 1743. He was afterwards appointed to the living of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, where he remained till his death, which occurred in February, 1746, at the early age of forty-six.

FROM "THE GRAVE."

SEE yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
 Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary!
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutch-
 eons,
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Oft, in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
 The schoolboy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below;

Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
 Sweetener of life! and solder of society!
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd.
 And had not room enough to do its work?
 Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!—
 And cramm'd into a space we blush to name—

Proud royalty! How alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes.

GRAVE! know that thou must render up thy dead,
 And with high interest too! They are not thine;
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promised day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Daylight and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
 And inquisition of the forge. We know
 The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
 Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous he rose,
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And shewed himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heaven.

James Thomson.

{ Born 1700.
 { Died 1748.

THE author of "The Seasons" was a Scotchman, born at Ednam, near Kelso, on the 11th September, 1700, the son of the minister of the parish. He received his early education at the school of Jedburgh, which he refers to in his poem of "Autumn." So early as fourteen he was writing poetry worthy of publication. At eighteen Thomson was sent to Edinburgh University to study for the church. It is said that some remarks of the Professor of Divinity, censuring the language of one of his exercises, disgusted him so much that he gave up his studies and proceeded to London. Here he met with many difficulties and privations; and on obtaining a publisher for his first published poem "Winter," in 1726, he only received three guineas for the copyright. But success was now at hand; a second and third

edition were sold during the same year, and his credit as a poet was established. In 1727, "Summer" appeared, and in 1730, "The Seasons" were published complete. In 1731 the poet was appointed travelling companion to the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot, and had an opportunity of visiting France, Switzerland, and Italy. The young man died abroad, and Thomson returned home, where he obtained the office of secretary of briefs in the Court of Chancery. While in this situation his pen seems to have been idle; but on the death of the Chancellor, having lost his place, necessity set him again to work, and he produced some of his tragedies. He also obtained from the Prince of Wales a pension of £100 a year, and shortly after the appointment of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he could perform by deputy. He was now in comfortable circumstances, and retired to Kew-lane, near Richmond, where he applied himself to finish the "Castle of Indolence," which he had been long occupied. The poem was published in May, 1748. It is one of his most finished pieces. Thomson caught cold on returning from London to Kew, and after a short illness, died 27th August, 1748.

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up
 Within his iron cave, the effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps the doubled vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
 Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope, of every joy,
 The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
 In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
 And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,

And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

THROUGH the hushed air the whitening shower
descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,

Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

FROM "HYMN ON THE SEASONS."

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

* * * *

Should fate command me to the furthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
 From seeming evil still educing good,

And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
 And, certes, there is for it reason great;
 For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wall,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowne'd
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
 And fortune smiled deceitful on her birth:
 For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
 She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, concealed.
 Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn,
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride;
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
 Thrilled in her thought, they like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods:
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes in balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourished, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All shall be subject to the main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

David Mallet.

{ Born 1700.
 { Died 1765

A NATIVE of Crieff. He wrote some tragedies, especially one in conjunction with Thomson, in which occurs the famous song "Rule Britannia," which is generally believed, however, to have been the composition of Thomson. His best title to the name of poet is derived from his ballads. He died in London, 21st April, 1765.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
 Clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

“Awake!” she cried, “thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

“This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

“Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

“Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet have those eyes to weep?

“How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

“Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

“That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

“The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

“But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!

Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

Robert Crawford. { About 1700.
 { Drowned 1733.

AUTHOR of "Tweedside," and "The Bush aboon Traquair." He assisted Allan Ramsay in his "Tea Table Miscellany." He was drowned on his return from France in 1733.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her;
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay—
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
O make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair—
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Philip Doddridge.

{ Born 1702.
Died 1751.

A CELEBRATED English divine, born in London, 26th June, 1702. His father was a clergyman in the English Church, but died while he was only thirteen. Doddridge, from conscientious motives, joined the Nonconformists; he soon became one of their most popular ministers, and in 1729 he was settled at Northampton. He is the author of many hymns, which are to be found in almost every collection of sacred poetry. He died on 26th October, 1751.

SELF-DEDICATION REVIEWED.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

THE HEAVENLY SABBATH.

LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy people rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

In thy bless'd kingdom we shall be
From every care and trouble free;

No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No clouded sun, no changeful moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Lord of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Soon shall we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

William Hamilton.

{ Born 1704.
{ Died 1754.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, in Ayrshire, a Scottish gentleman of rank, became early distinguished for his poetical talents, and was the delight of the gay circles in his own country. He joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the laureate of the Jacobites. After Culloden he narrowly escaped to France; but obtaining a pardon he returned to his paternal estate. He is the author of the beautiful ballad "The Braes of Yarrow."

BRAES OF YARROW.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I darena weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed.
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and well beloved again,
Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

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Rev. Charles Wesley. { Born 1708.
Died 1788.

AUTHOR of a large portion of the Methodist Hymn Book. He was a poet very early in life, and when his genius became sanctified by his conversion, he devoted much of his valuable time to supply a want then greatly-felt, hymns for public worship. They were edited and published by his brother John, the founder of Methodism, himself also a poet. Charles Wesley also left a number of beautiful pieces written on incidents in his own life.

CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE.

JESUS, Lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

DEAD, dead the child I loved so well,
Transported to the world above,
I need no more my heart conceal,
I never dared indulge my love;
But may I not indulge my grief,
And seek in tears a sad relief?

But hath not Heaven who first bestowed,
A right to take his gift away?
I bow me to the sovereign God,
Who snatch'd him from the evil day;
Yet nature will repeat her moan,
And fondly cry, My son! my son!

Turn from him, turn officious thought,
Officious thought presents again
The thousand little acts he wrought,
Which wound my heart with soothing pain,
His looks, his winning gestures rise,
His waving hands and laughing eyes.

Those waving hands no more shall move,
 Those laughing eyes shall smile no more;
 He cannot now engage our love,
 With sweet insinuating power,
 Our meek unguarded hearts ensnare,
 And rival his Creator there.

Angels rejoice! a child is born
 Into your happier world above,
 Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn,
 While, on the wings of heavenly love,
 An everlasting spirit flies,
 To claim his kindred in the skies.

Dr. Samuel Johnson. { Born 1709.
 Died 1784.

THE celebrated lexicographer was born at Lichfield, on 18th September, 1709. His father was a bookseller, and gave him a good education. In his twenty-sixth year he went to London to push his fortune, and soon obtained employment in writing for the magazines. In 1749 he published a poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." In 1750 he started the "Rambler," and in 1755 published his famous Dictionary, which had engaged him for several years. His poems form a very small part of his works; but even they had an effect on the character of the poetical writings of his time. Johnson died on 13th December, 1784.

FROM THE "VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
 Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows:
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
 Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below.

* * * *

On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standarts fly,
 And all be mine beneath the Polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost:
 He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT.

CONDEMNED to hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend,
 Official, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
 Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Richard Glover.

{ Born 1712.
Died 1785.

A LONDON merchant, who published some elaborate poems in blank verse, which are now little known. His ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost is the only piece now read.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Portobello lying
On the gentle swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode:
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave,
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done

What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

“Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor’s doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
‘He has played an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.’

“Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

“Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

“O’er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain’s shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—shamed in me.”

William Shenstone.

{ Born 1714
 { Died 1763

SHENSTONE was born at the Leasowes, in Hales-Owen, Shropshire, in November, 1714. Though ambitious of literary fame, he spent most of his time in ornamenting his patrimonial home, which he did with such judgment as made it the admiration of all who saw it. He published some pleasing elegies and ballads, of which the chief are "The Schoolmistress," which appeared in 1742, immortalising his early instructress, and "A Pastoral Ballad." He died at the Leasowes on 11th February, 1763.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies;
 While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shod, and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
 They grieved sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
 And oftentimes on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which learning near her little dome did stow;
 Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
 And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,

Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
 Do learning's little tenement betray;
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron died in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
 ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
 Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
 Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear,
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

YE shepherds, so cheerful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn—
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have strayed,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely removed from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
 Soft hope is the relic I bear,
 And my solace, wherever I go.

Thomas Gray.

{ Born 1716
 { Died 1771

GRAY was born in Cornhill, London, 26th November, 1716, and received his early education at Eton. He afterwards entered at Cambridge to study for the law. Having become intimate with Horace Walpole, he was induced to join him in a tour on the Continent. On his return in 1741, he applied himself to literary schemes, which he had not energy to carry out. His father having died and left him rich enough to carry out what plans he preferred, he passed the greater part of his life in the enjoyment of the learned society of Cambridge, and poring over his favourite authors. He was appointed in 1768 Professor of Modern History, with a salary of £400 a year; but he seems to have entirely neglected the duties from inability to bring his mind to the effort necessary to prepare the lectures. His "Ode to Eton College" appeared in 1747, and his "Elegy" in 1751; the latter became at once exceedingly popular, and is the poem on which his fame as a poet chiefly rests. He died July 30, 1771.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain:
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which intral?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty;
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run, they look behind;
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possessed;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

For from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate:
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear!
 He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
 There they alike in trembling hope repose—
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

James Merrick.

{ Born 1720.
 { Died 1766.

A DIVINE and poet, born at Reading. He published poems on sacred subjects, and some miscellaneous pieces.

THE NUNC DIMITTIS.

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay;
 Since thy mercies, oft of old
 By thy choice seers foretold,
 Faithful now and steadfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love!
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day-spring from on high!
 Son of righteousness, to thee,
 Lo! the nations bow the knee;
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.
 Those who death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
 Waiting till the promised ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams intensely shed,
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head!
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth, and God of love!

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chanced to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies;
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in fury:
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;

"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred:
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t' other.

I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well; 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the Chameleon cries—
Then first the creature found a tongue—
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

Mark Akenside.

{ Born 1721,
Died 1770.

AKENSIDE was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1721, of humble but respectable origin. His parents were Dissenters, and intended him for the Church. They sent him to the divinity classes in the Edinburgh University, but his tastes not lying in that direction, he afterwards changed them for those of medicine. In Edinburgh he wrote his poem, "Hymn to Science." Akenside finished his medical education at Leyden, where he took his degree of M.D. in his twenty-third year. In the same year was published his greatest poem, "The Pleasures of Imagination," for which he received from Dodsley, the publisher, £120 for the copyright. He afterwards published a satire and a collection of odes. He died in 1770, in his forty-ninth year.

GOD'S EXCELLENCE.

(From "Pleasures of Imagination.")

FROM heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
 The flame of genius to the human breast,
 And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
 And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
 Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
 The moon suspended her serener lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorned the globe,
 Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
 Then lived the Almighty One; then deep retired
 In his unfathomed essence, viewed the forms,
 The forms eternal, of created things:
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
 Of days on them his love divine he fixed,
 His admiration, till, in time complete,
 What he admired and loved his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame,
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves,
 Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
 And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things.

A CULTIVATED TASTE.

OH! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
 Of Luxury, the syren! not the bribes
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
 Of nature, fair Imagination culls,
 To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures, or imperial state;
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures, and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his: whate'er adorns

The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marble, and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.

Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unproved: nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only, for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious; wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundations,—if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons; all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine; he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of live and being: to be great like him,

Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his the relish of their souls.

Tobias George Smollet. { Born 1721.
Died 1771.

BETTER known as a novelist than a poet; was born near Renton, in Dumbartonshire. His poems are all short, but they show he could have excelled in verse if he had cultivated the talent.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave,
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

John Skinner.

{ Born 1721.
 { Died 1807.

AN Episcopal clergyman in Aberdeenshire, who composed some very spirited and patriotic songs. He was also author of an Ecclesiastical History of Scotland.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside;
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To drop their Whigmegmorum.
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight;
 It gars us a' in ane unite;
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' 'em.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorums.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
 And sullen sots themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit

At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend;
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties, a great store o' 'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstained by any vicious blot;
 And may he never want a groat,

That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be Oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And discontent devour him!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,

And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be, that winna dance

The reel of Tullochgorum!

William Collins.

{ Born 1721.
Died 1759.

WILLIAM COLLINS was the son of a respectable hatter at Chichester, and was born on the 25th December, 1721. He received a liberal education, and no poet gave greater promise of a successful career. His mind was brimful of splendid schemes, and he left his college for London with high hopes of making a name. He met with grievous disappointments, and experienced the extremes of poverty and neglect. In 1746 he obtained a publisher for his beautiful odes. On the death of his friend Thomson, Collins strung anew his lyre, and published an elegy on his friend. In 1749 an uncle, dying, left him a legacy sufficient for all his wants; but it came too late: the mind of the poet had sunk into the deepest depression, and never recovered its former power. He died in 1759.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair;

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning-dew,
Elew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round.
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,—
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;

Even all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 Oh! bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece;
 Return in all thy simple state;
 Confirm the tales her sons relate.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid,
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem, in Pity's ear,
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail;
 Or tears, which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
 11

Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"O vales and wild woods," shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

John Home.

{ Born 1722.
{ Died 1808.

AUTHOR of the tragedy of "Douglas," was born in Leith, of which place his father was town-clerk. In 1745 he joined the royal army as a volunteer. Having studied for the Church, he was, in 1750, inducted to the living of Athelstaneford, as successor to Blair; but having written the tragedy of "Douglas," which was acted at the Theatre in 1756, his conduct was brought before the Presbytery, and he resigned. Lord Bute, then in power, obtained for him a Government appointment, in which he passed the remainder of his life in happy tranquillity. He died in his eighty-sixth year.

FROM TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS."

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And heaven soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd

The road he took, then hasten'd to my friends,
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Rev. John Newton.

{ Born 1725.
 { Died 1807.

CURATE of Olney, and afterwards of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, London. His early life was very wild and profligate. He was at one time master of a slave ship, then himself a slave. When rescued he became a changed man, devoted himself to the ministry, and was one of the most successful of preachers. At Olney he became acquainted with Cowper, and in conjunction with him wrote the "Olney Hymns," which are among the most beautiful pieces of devotional poetry to be found in our language.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:
 For, though we are strangers, we have a sure Guide,
 And trust, in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power; "The Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No doubting nor fearing with Christ on our side;
The promise is cheering, "The Lord will provide."

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Kinsman, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the savour of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Oliver Goldsmith.

{ Born 1728.
Died 1774.

THIS celebrated writer, whose works range over every department of literature, was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, on 10th November, 1728. His father was a clergyman in the Episcopal Church, and gave his son all the advantages of education that his means would admit of. He was successively at Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden Universities. He seems to have idled his time in all these places, and left Leyden on a pedestrian tour on the Continent with a guinea, a shirt, and a flute. After a year of wandering he arrived in England penniless. After much privation and many changes, he at last obtained literary work in writing for the "Monthly Review;" this not suiting, he tried to pass an examination at Surgeons' Hall as hospital mate, but was rejected as unqualified. In 1764 appeared his poem "The Traveller," and in 1770 "The Deserted Village." These became very popular, and ran through several editions. His comedies also met with an enthusiastic reception, and he was on the highway to fame and honour. Wealth flowed in upon him from his writings; but he was always in debt. His heedless profusion, and afterwards a taste for gambling, exhausted all his resources and those of his friends, and he died in debt no less than £2000. He was never married. He died on 4th April, 1774.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies,
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill.
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled!

Sweet smiling village! loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green!
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;

For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place!

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

Beside yon struggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew.
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still,
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the royal game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Thomas Warton.

{ Born 1728.
 { Died 1790.

SECOND son of the Professor of Poetry in Oxford, was born in 1728. At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, of which he was an ornament for forty-seven years. He began his career as a poet at eighteen, by publishing some pastoral eclogues, and in 1747 appeared "Pleasures of Melancholy." In 1749 he gained some distinction by "The Triumph of Isis," a poem written in defence of the loyalty of Oxford. He is also the author of some sonnets. His highest title to eminence he gained by his "History of English Poetry." In 1757 Warton was appointed to the Professorship of Poetry in Oxford, which he held for ten years. In 1790 he was made poet-laureate, which, however, he enjoyed only for a short time, as he died the same year.

SPRING.

MINDFUL of disaster past,
 And shrinking at the northern blast,
 The sleety storm returning still,
 The morning hoar, the evening chill
 Reluctant comes the timid Spring:
 Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
 Murmurs the blossomed boughs around
 That clothe the garden's southern bound:
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
 From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
 O'er the field of waving broom
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
 And but by fits the furze-clad dale
 Tinctures the transitory gale.
 Scant along the ridgy land
 The beans their new-born ranks expand;

The fresh-turned soil, with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades;
Fringing the forest's devious edge
Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays,
Weakly green, its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green;
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring;
The butterfly, gay-painted, soon
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns and flattering skies.

ON A PAINTED WINDOW AT OXFORD.

YE brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that, sublimely reared,
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye Martyrdoms of unenlightened days,
Ye Miracles that now no wonder raise;
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gaze strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye Colours, that the unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the secret window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo! from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne;
Lo! Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, the expressive stain!
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;

But calls the lineaments of life complete
 From genial alchemy's creative heat;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
 Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
 To add new lustre to religious light:
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

Dr. Thomas Percy. } Born 1728.
 } Died 1811.

THOMAS PERCY was born at Bridgenorth, in Shropshire, in 1728. He was educated at Oxford, for the Church. After being successively Chaplain to the King, and Dean of Carlisle, he was advanced to the bishopric of Dromore in Ireland. In 1765 he published his "Reliques of English Poetry," which had an immediate and lasting effect on our literature. He was also himself a poet, and published some small pieces, which show considerable talent, the "Hermit of Warkworth," "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?" &c. Percy died in 1811.

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer decked with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go?
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?

Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

John Cunningham.

{ Born 1729.
 { Died 1773.

AN Irish poet, the son of a Dublin artisan. Author of "The Landscape," a poem, and some minor pieces, which display great melody and simplicity of versification. He spent some time in Edinburgh in a theatrical company.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamoured beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep—
 'Tis where you've seldom been—
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promised May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promised May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.

And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love :
 For see, the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin queen ;
 And hark ! the happy shepherds cry :
 “ 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.”

Samuel Bishop.

{ Born 1731.
 { Died 1795.

AN English clergyman, author of some miscellaneous poems, chiefly in praise of his wife.

TO MRS. BISHOP,

On the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which was also her Birthday, with a Ring.

“THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed”—
 So; fourteen years ago, I said.
 Behold another ring!—“For what?”
 “To wed thee o'er again?” Why not?
 With that first ring I married youth,
 Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
 Taste long admired, sense long revered,
 And all my Molly then appeared.
 If she, by merit since disclosed,
 Prove twice the woman I supposed,
 I plead that double merit now,
 To justify a double vow.
 Here, then, to-day—with faith as sure,
 With ardour as intense, as pure,
 As when, amidst the rites divine,
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine—
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
 A token and a pledge I bring :
 With this I wed, till death us part,
 Thy riper virtues to my heart;
 Those virtues which, before untold,
 The wife has added to the bride;

Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
 Endearing wedlock's very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,
 For conscience' sake as well as love's.

And why?—They show me every hour
 Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
 Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
 And teach me all things—but repentance.

Charles Churchill.

{ Born 1731.
 { Died 1764.

CHURCHILL's father was an English clergyman in Essex, who educated his son for the Church. He obtained a curacy in Somersetshire,—so poor, however, that it is said he had to eke out his living by selling cider. In 1758 he succeeded his father as lecturer of St. John's, Westminster. And now commenced his downward career. His income was small for London, while his tastes were expensive, and he was on the verge of being sent to jail when a friend effected a compromise. He now composed his satire the "Rosciad," which was published at first anonymously, and which led many to believe a second Dryden had risen. It created a great sensation; other pieces followed, which brought him into still higher notice. With all this success he was, however, plunging deeper into vice, and his manners were such that his ecclesiastical superiors had at last to insist on his resignation of the lectureship. With it he cast off his Christianity, and stood out as an avowed infidel. In 1764 Churchill visited France. At Boulogne he was seized with a fever, and died 4th November.

FROM "THE CONFERENCE."

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
 Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
 'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
 Where praise or censure are at random hurled,
 Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
 Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
 Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
 If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
 No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
 When she with more than tragic horror swells
 Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
 She brings bad actions forth into review,
 And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
 Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
 Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
 And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
 The mind which starting heaves she heartfelt groan,
 And hates that form she knows to be her own.

FROM "THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE."

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kissed,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high cheek-bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she soothed her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green:
The plague of locust they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shade
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades,

William Cowper.{ Born 1731.
Died 1800.

COWPER was born in Great Berkhamstead, on 26th November, 1731. He was the son of a clergyman, and descended both by the father's and mother's side from noble ancestry. At Westminster School, where he remained eight years, his delicate frame made him the sport of his school-fellows, who triumphed over the timidity of his spirits; and it is believed that his bitter recollections of these scenes can be traced in some of his poetry. At eighteen he left school and was articled to Mr. Chapman, an attorney. On its termination he entered at the "Temple;" but, as Hayley expresses it, he "constantly rambled from the thorny road of jurisprudence to the primrose paths of literature." In his thirty-second year Cowper was appointed by his relation, Major Cowper, to the lucrative office of clerk to the House of Lords. Cowper accepted the post, and set himself to prepare for it; but by the time he was to enter on the duties of the place, he had worked himself into such a state of nervous excitement, that he became partially insane. Cowper had still some funds remaining, and with the assistance of his friends he was able to take private lodgings in Huntingdon. Here he became acquainted with the Unwins, who succeeded in getting him to take up his abode in their amiable and happy family. Mr. Unwin was killed by an accident, and Cowper accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to their new residence at Olney, where he formed a close friendship with the Rev. John Newton, with whom he united in the composition of the "Olney Hymns." In 1773 Cowper's old malady returned, and for some years required the constant attendance and care of Mrs. Unwin, who nursed him with a kindness quite maternal. After his recovery, and when upwards of fifty, he published, in 1782, his first volume of poems, containing "Table Talk," "Hope," the "Progress of Error," &c. "The Task" appeared in 1785, and its success was immediate and decided. In 1791 he published a translation of Homer. From this time till his death, Cowper was never free from gloom and despondency, but in occasional pieces his genius shone forth unclouded as ever. His last piece, "The Castaway," shows his poetical powers to have been as vigorous as at any period of his life. He died on 25th April, 1800.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

BORN in a climate softer far than ours,
Not formed like us, with such Herculean powers,
The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lasso, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of misery far away:
He drinks his simple beverage with a gust;
And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
We never feel the alacrity and joy
With which he shouts and carols, *Vive le Roi!*
Fill'd with as much true merriment and glee
As if he heard his king say—Slave, be free.
Thus happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

O how unlike the complex works of man,
 Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan!
 No meretricious graces to beguile,
 No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
 From ostentation, as from weakness, free,
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
 Majestic in its own simplicity.
 Inscribed above the portal, from afar
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
 Legible only by the light they give,
 Stand the soul-quickenings words—Believe, and live.
 Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
 Despise the plain direction, and are lost.

THE CONTRAST.

YON cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit,
 Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
 (Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
 And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
 Oh, happy peasant! Oh, unhappy bard!
 His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
 He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home:
 He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers,
 She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

THE MEETING.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
 Soon after He that was our surety died,
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,

Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done;
To exalt a people, and to place them high,
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?

Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves:
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.

SLAVERY.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour, of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,

Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own; and, having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home:—then why abroad?
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from height sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

THE FREEMAN.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And all the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,

And has a richer use of yours than you.
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
 Of no mean city; plann'd or e'er the hills
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in every state;
 And no condition of this changeful life,
 So manifold in cares, whose every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
 His body bound; but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

WINTER WALK AT NOON.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
 And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
 With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
 The night was winter in its roughest mood;
 The mornings sharp and clear. But now at noon,
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower

Whence all the music. I again perceive
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
 And settle in soft musings as I tread
 The walk, still verdant under oaks and elms,
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
 The roof, though moveable through all its length
 As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
 And, intercepting in their silent fall
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
 No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content
 With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd;
 Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
 From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
 That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
 May give a useful lesson to the head,
 And Learning wiser grow without his books.
 Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

THE SCHOOL.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carved subsisting still;
 The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
 Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd;
 The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot;

As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,
 That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,
 Whence first we started into life's long race,
 Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
 We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here:
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—it was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That Memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a form, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid:
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away:
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow:
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:

And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repell'd:
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast,
 Could catch the sound no more:
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin. { Born 1731.
 { Died 1802.

THE author of "The Botanic Garden," was born at Elston, near Newark, in 1731. He was educated at St. John's, Cambridge, and from thence proceeded to Edinburgh, where he studied medicine. After taking his degree there, he settled in Lichfield, where he got into extensive practice. He afterwards removed to Derby, where he published the first part of his "Botanic Garden;" the second and third parts followed in 1789 and 1792. Darwin was the author of several prose works, evincing considerable metaphysical talent. He died 18th April, 1802.

ON STEAM.

(From "The Botanic Garden.")

NYMPHS! you erewhile on simmering caldrons play'd,
 And call'd delighted Savery to your aid;
 Bade round the youth explosive Steam aspire,
 In gathering clouds, and wing'd the wave with fire;
 Bade with cold streams the quick expansion stop,
 And sunk the immense of vapour to a drop.
 Press'd by the ponderous air the piston falls
 Resistless, sliding through its iron walls;
 Quick moves the balanced beam, of giant birth,
 Wields his large limbs, and nodding shakes the earth.
 The Giant-Power from Earth's remotest caves
 Lifts with strong arm her dark reluctant waves;
 Each cavern'd rock and hidden den explores,
 Drags her dark coals, and digs her shining ores.
 Next, in close cells of ribbed oak confined,
 Gale after gale, he crowds the struggling wind;
 The imprison'd storms through brazen nostrils roar,
 Fan the white flame, and fuse the sparkling ore.
 Here high in air the rising stream he pours
 To clay-built cisterns, or to lead-lined towers;

Fresh through a thousand pipes the wave distils,
 And thirsty cities drink the exuberant rills.
 There the vast mill-stone with inebriate whirl
 On trembling floors his forceful fingers twirl,
 Whose flinty teeth the golden harvests grind,
 Feast without blood! and nourish human-kind.

Now his hard hands on Mona's rifted crest,
 Bosom'd in rock, her azure ores arrest;
 With iron lips his rapid rollers seize
 The lengthening bars, in thin expansion squeeze;
 Descending screws with ponderous fly-wheels wound
 The tawny plates, the new medallions round;
 Hard dyes of steel the cupreous circles cramp,
 And with quick fall his massy hammers stamp.
 The harp, the lily, and the lion join,
 And George and Britain guard the sterling coin.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd Steam! afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying-chariot through the fields of air.
 —Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
 Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
 Our warrior-bands alarm the gaping crowd,
 And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.

William Falconer. { Born 1730.
 { Drowned 1769.

FALCONER was the son of a poor barber in Edinburgh, and was born there on 11th February, 1730. He joined a Leith merchant vessel as an apprentice, and there acquired that intimate knowledge of sea matters which qualified him for the composition of his poem. He was shipwrecked in the *Britannia*, when second-mate, off Cape Colonna; and the scene there enacted has been vividly described in "The Shipwreck." The work was successful, and brought Falconer into notice. He was successively made midshipman, and then purser, in the *Glory*. After the peace he was paid off; and among other means that he tried to make a living, he wrote a "Marine Dictionary," which is still the basis of all others. In 1769, the poet, having been appointed purser of the *Aurora* frigate bound for India, again went to sea; but the vessel, after passing the Cape, was never more heard of, and is supposed to have foundered with all on board.

FROM "THE SHIPWRECK."

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
 For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
 And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.

Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes,
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking dæmons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides;
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

William Julius Mickle. { Born 1734.
Died 1788.

MICKLE, the son of a minister in Langholm, Dumfriesshire, went to London to push his way, and there changed the spelling of his name, which was originally *Meikle*. He published some poems, which were highly thought of at the time; but, with the exception of "Cumnor Hall," which suggested to Scott the idea of "Kenilworth," and "The Mariner's Wife," they are scarcely known at the present day. Mickle succeeded in working himself into a good position in society. He died near Oxford, in 1788.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the mickle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock, his Sunday's coat.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockins white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockins pearl blue—

It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his tongue;
His breath's like caller air;
His very fit has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
In troth, I'm like to greet.

James Beattie, LL.D. { Born 1735.
Died 1803.

DR. BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, on 25th October, 1735. His father was a small farmer, but died while his son was yet a child. Fortunately for the future poet, an elder brother recognising his talent, assisted him to "climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." He made such good use of this assistance, that in his fourteenth year he obtained a bursary (exhibition) in Marischall College, Aberdeen. On leaving college he rapidly rose from being a parish schoolmaster, to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College in 1760. About this time he published his first volume of poems; they were, however very far behind his later productions. It was not till 1771 that the first part of "The Minstrel" appeared, and the second part in 1774. Its success was complete. Honours flowed in on every side. On visiting London he was welcomed to the choicest circles, and, after being graciously received at court, had a pension accorded to him of £200 a year. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and he was offered good preferment in the Church of England, which, however, he declined. But while the external current of his life was thus prosperous, family affliction was desolating the sensitive heart of the poet, and bringing down his gray hairs in sadness to the grave. He lived for many years in declining health, and died in Aberdeen on the 18th August, 1803.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war:
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His weaving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they
will.

EDWIN.

AND yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,

Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost—
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

MORNING LANDSCAPE.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide

The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn—
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

“ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
‘ O pity, great Father of Light,’ then I cried,
‘ Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!’

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme:

“ Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o’er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy stays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon’s yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair?
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarmed,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harmed.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

James Macpherson.

{ Born 1738.
Died 1796.

THE translator or imitator of Ossian, was born at Kingussie, in Invernesshire, and was intended for the Church. After leaving college, he was tutor in the family of Mr. Graham of Balgowan. In 1760 he published "Fragments of Ancient Highland Poetry," which were so well received, that a subscription was made to enable him to collect additional pieces. As the result of his journey, he published in 1762 "Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, by Ossian the Son of Fingal, a Gaelic Chief of the Third Century." In 1763 he published "Temora," another epic poem. The sale of these was extraordinary. Many doubted their antiquity, and Dr. Johnson openly treated them as impostures. The current of opinion now seems to be in favour of the idea that Macpherson found a good many traditional stories and some manuscripts, and wove out of them, in a connected form, what he gave out as the translation from Ossian. Macpherson obtained some good appointments, and was elected member of Parliament for Camelford. He also amassed considerable wealth, which he employed in purchasing the property of Raitts, in his native parish. He died on 17th February, 1796.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

I FEEL the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon. I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

FINGAL'S HALL.

HIS friends sit around the king, on mist! They hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp. He raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers. She turns aside her humid eyes. "Art thou come so soon?" said Fingal, "daughter of generous Toscar. Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son is sad! I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there. Its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers! Go, with thy rustling wing, O breeze! sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids are departed to their place. Thou alone, O breeze, mournest there!"

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! they brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence. They turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? have thy sisters fallen from heaven? are they who rejoiced with thee, at night, no more? Yes, they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads: they, who were ashamed in thy presence, will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind! that the daughter of night may look forth! that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

FROM THE SONGS OF SELMA.

STAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin, with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come; but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

Colma. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud, I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar? why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise

with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone?
 With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from
 my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes: we
 are not foes, O Salgar!

Mrs. Thrale or Piozzi. { Born 1740.
 { Died 1822.

HESTER LYNCH SALISBURY, daughter of a gentleman of Carnarvonshire, was born in 1740. She was early distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments, and in 1763 married Mr. Thrale, afterwards member of parliament for Southwark. On his death she retired to Bath, where she afterwards married Piozzi, an Italian, with whom she went abroad; they resided some time in Florence. She afterwards published a volume of poems, "The Florence Miscellany." She is only known now by her little tale "The Three Warnings." She died at Clifton, 1822.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room,
 And looking grave—"You must," says he,
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
 "With you! and quit my Susan's side?
 With you!" the hapless husband cried;
 "Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
 My thoughts on other matters go;
 This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger;
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
“Neighbour,” he said, “farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you’re summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you’ll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.”
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life’s dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
“So soon returned!” old Dodson cries.
“So soon, d’ye call it?” Death replies:
“Surely, my friend, you’re but in jest!
Since I was here before
’Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.”

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can't recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold!" says the farmer; "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unjustifiable yearnings;

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your Three sufficient Warnings:

So come along; no more we'll part;"

He said, and touched him with his dart.

And now old Dodson turning pale,

Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

Rev. Thomas Moss. { Born 1740.
Died 1808.

A CLERGYMAN of Staffordshire, only known by his poem, "The Beggar's Petition," published in 1769.

THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,*
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
 Lured by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Mrs. Hunter.

{ Born 1742.
 { Died 1821.

ANNE HOME, daughter of Robert Home, of Greenlaw Castle, Berwickshire, was born in 1742. She married John Hunter, a celebrated anatomist. Mrs. Hunter was the author of several beautiful lyrical poems, some of which were set to music by Haydn.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart
 By secret sorrow close concealed,
 We shrink lest looks or words impart
 What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
 To speak when one would silent be;
 To wake when one should wish to sleep,
 And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
 Who wander in this world of care,
 And bend beneath the bitter blast,
 To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
 Where disappointment cannot come:
 And time guides with unerring feet
 The weary wanderers home.

Mrs. Barbauld.

{ Born 1743.
 { Died 1825.

ANN LETITIA AIKEN was born in Leicestershire, in 1743. Her father, Dr. Aiken, was classical tutor in an academy. In 1773 she published a volume of miscellaneous poems which met with great success. In 1774 she married a French Protestant clergyman, the Rev. R. Barbauld, who had opened a boarding-school in Suffolk. In 1802 Mr. Barbauld became pastor at Stoke-Newington, where he laboured

till his death in 1808. Mrs. Barbauld is the author of many poetical and prose works. Her lyrical pieces are sweet and harmonious; and her "Evenings at Home," and other prose works have been circulated in tens of thousands. She died in 1825.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even-tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

When eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering through the shade.

SONG.

- Sylvia.* Leave me, simple shepherd, leave me,
Drag no more a hopeless chain,
I cannot like, nor would deceive thee;
Love the maid that loves again.
- Corin.* Tho' more gentle nymphs surround me,
Kindly pitying what I feel,
Only you have power to wound me,
Sylvia, only you can heal.
- Sylvia.* Corin, cease thy idle teasing,
Love that's forced is harsh and sour;
If the lover be displeasing,
To persist disgusts the more.
- Corin.* 'Tis in vain, in vain to fly me,
Sylvia, I will still pursue,
Twenty thousand times deny me,
I will kneel and weep anew.
- Sylvia.* Cupid ne'er shall make me languish,
I was born averse to love;
Lovers' sighs, and tears, and anguish,
Mirth and pastime to me prove.
- Corin.* Still I vow with patient duty,
Thus to meet your proudest scorn:
You for unrelenting beauty,
I for constant love was born.

But the fates had not consented,
Since they *both* did fickle prove;
Of her scorn the maid repented,
And the shepherd of his love.

Michael Bruce.

{ Born 1746,
Died 1767.

A SCOTTISH poet, whose early promise was cut short by a premature death. He was born at Portmoak, in Kinross-shire.

ELEGY—WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day
The stormy howlings of the winds assauge,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of Spring!
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

Hector M'Neill.

} Born 1746.
 } Died 1818.

A SCOTTISH poet, author of "The Harp," "Scotland's Skaith,"
 "The Links of Forth," and some beautiful lyrics.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

"SAW ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
 Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
 Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree;

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
 Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
 Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me."

"It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
 She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
 Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

"It was then your Mary; she 's frae Castle-Cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me."
 Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
 "Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning;
 Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie."

"Away wi' beguiling," cried the youth smiling—
 Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
 "Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see?"
 "O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee."

Miss Susan Glamire. {Born 1747.
 Died 1794.

A CUMBERLAND lady, who during a short residence in Scotland acquired a thoroughly idiomatic acquaintance with the Scottish language, and wrote some exquisite songs. She also wrote a poem in the Cumbrian dialect.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
 What ails this watery e'e?
 What gars me a' turn pale as death
 When I take leave o' thee?
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
 But change o' place and change o' folk
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
 Or walk at morning air,
 Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
 I used to meet thee there.
 Then I'll sit down and cry,
 And live aneath the tree,
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower,
 That thou wi' roses tied,
 And where wi' mony a blushing bud
 I strove myself to hide;
 I'll doat on ilka spot
 Where I hae been wi' thee,
 And ca' to mind some kindly word
 By ilka burn and tree.

 FROM "THE NABOB."

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 I sought again my native land
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.
 Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
 May still continue mine?
 Or gin I e'er again shall taste
 The joys I left langsyne?
 As I drew near my ancient pile
 My heart beat a' the way;
 Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
 O' some dear former day;

Those days that followed me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Whilk made me think the present joys
 A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
 Where minstrels used to blaw;
 Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
 Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
 Till Donald tottered to the door,
 Wham I left in his prime,
 And grat to see the lad return
 He bore about langsyne.

In vain I sought in music's sound
 To find that magic art,
 Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
 Has thrill'd through a' my heart.
 The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
 My ear confessed 'twas fine;
 But missed the simple melody
 I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
 Forgie an auld man's spleen,
 Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
 The days he ance has seen.
 When time has passed and seasons fled,
 Your hearts will feel like mine;
 And aye the sang will maist delight
 That minds ye o' langsyne!

Richard Cecil.

{ Born 1748.
 { Died 1810.

AN eminent divine, born in London, and for many years one of the most eloquent preachers of the Church of England.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT AT DAYBREAK.

"CEASE then longer to detain me,
 Fondest mother, drowned in woe:
 Now thy kind caresses pain me;
 Morn advances,—let me go.

"See yon orient streak appearing,
 Harbinger of endless day!

Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

“Lately launch’d, a trembling stranger,
On the wide world’s boisterous flood,
Pierced with sorrows, toss’d with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

“Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee;
Now my aching heart find rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillows than thy breast.

“Weep not o’er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning to their home;
Raptured, they’ll forget all anguish,
While they watch to see thee come.

“There, my mother, pleasures centre;—
Weeping, parting, care and woe
Ne’er our Father’s house can enter:—
Day is breaking,—let me go.

“As, amidst this holy dawning,
Silent glides away my breath,
To an everlasting morning,—
Gently close mine eyes in death.

“Blessing endless, richest blessing,
Pour in streams upon thy heart!
(Though no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

“Yet to leave thee sorrowing pains me;—
Hark, again the voice I hear:
Now thy love no more detains me:
Follow me, my mother dear.”

John Logan.

{ Born 1748.
 Died 1788.

LOGAN was born at Soutra, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father was a small farmer, and gave him a liberal education. While at the University he wrote a number of short poems, which brought him into notice. Logan was educated for the Church, and was in 1770 ordained to the pastorate of South Leith. In 1779 he published a volume of his poems, which reached a second edition in a few months. This success induced him to write a tragedy, which, however, did not add to his reputation. He then went to London, where he obtained some literary employment, till his early death on 27th December, 1788.

THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! no more the summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams!—ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear.

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,
And promised fruits and cherished flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequered leaves the branches shed,
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that winter's near;
The warning voice I hear behind
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

John Lowe.

{ Born 1750.
Died 1798.

ONLY known for his beautiful piece "Mary's Dream." He was born in Kenmore in Galloway, and ultimately emigrated to America.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and slow, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

Lady Anne Barnard. { Born 1750.
Died 1825.

DAUGHTER of the Earl of Balcarres, and wife of Mr. Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick. The ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" was written by her in 1771.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come
hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride.
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown
away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin—
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in
his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee,
Or why am I spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break:
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
 I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin,
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

Robert Ferguson.

{ Born 1751.
 { Died 1774.

FERGUSON was the son of the accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank in Edinburgh, and received a University education. His father dying early, Ferguson was left destitute, but after many privations he obtained a clerkship in a law office, which would have supported him; but he had acquired a taste for the low society of the tavern, which quite unfitted him for his duties. At last, prostrated in body and mind, he sunk into a state of insanity, and ended his life in an asylum. He died in 1774. His poetry is chiefly in the Scottish dialect.

BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to hae your name
 Wrote i' the bonny book o' fame,
 Let merit nae pretension claim
 To laurelled wreath,
 But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
 In guid braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa'
 And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
 Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
 Wi' a' this graith,
 When beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw
 O' guid braid claith.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o't!
 For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
 A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
 While he draws breath,
 Till his four quarters are bedeckit
 Wi' guid braid claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
 When he was done wi' scrapin' wark,

Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
 Gangs trigly, faith!
 Or to the Meadows, or the Park
 In guid braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
 That they to shave your haffits bare,
 Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
 Would be right laith,
 When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
 In guid braid claith.

If ony mettled stirrah grien
 For favour frae a lady's een,
 He maunna care for bein' seen
 Before he sheath
 His body in a scabbard clean
 O' guid braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
 A fig for him she winna care,
 But crook her bonny mou fou sair,
 And scauld him baith:
 Wooers should aye their travel spare,
 Without braid claith.

Thomas Chatterton.

{ Born 1752.
 { Died 1770.

AN English poet, whose precocious genius and untimely fate have gained him great notoriety. He was born at Bristol, his father being sexton of Redcliff Church, where Chatterton professed to have found the manuscripts which he tried to palm off on the public as ancient. His father dying before he was born, Chatterton was educated at a charity school, where he was thought to be a great dunce, but where, at the age of eight, he began to compose verses. Ambitious in the highest degree of literary fame, he at sixteen set himself to obtain a name, and unfortunately, for this purpose, chose to attempt a series of impositions. The New Bridge of Bristol having been completed and opened with great ceremony, Chatterton sent to a newspaper an account of the ceremonies that took place at the opening of the *Old Bridge*, some hundreds of years before, and which he stated to have been found in some ancient manuscripts. The compositions published by him are so complete and finished that one is lost in wonder at their being written by a youth of sixteen. Chatterton now went to London, and found a precarious living by literary work. His splendid visions of fame and honour were melting away. He then cast off the restraints of religion, and plunged into intemperance, which completed the wreck of body and mind. At last, in absolute want, and goaded by remorse into the deepest despair, he destroyed himself by poison on 25th August, 1770, at the early age of seventeen years and nine months.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

ALMIGHTY framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly:
Impell'd by his eternal love
He left His palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly lays,
Attempted the Redeemer's praise
And hail'd salvation's morn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty He bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Tho' in a human walk He trod
Still was the Man Almighty God
In glory all His own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears;
Nor bid His vengeance rise,
He saw the creatures he had made,
Revile His power, His peace invade;
He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His name,
Who groan'd beneath a life of shame
In all afflictions try'd;
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth, which being must believe,
The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
Upon devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the day:

The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue:
From Him I'll catch the lay!

FROM "TRAGEDY OF ELLA."*

The Minstrel's Song.

OH! sing unto my roundelay;
Oh! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.

* One of the pretended MSS.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers
Round his holy corse to gre;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes, water-flags
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

MORNING.

BRIGHT Sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldiers stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

SPRING.

THE budding floweret blushes at the light,
 The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
 In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
 The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
 The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,
 When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is brought;
 The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
 The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
 Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
 Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
 I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
 Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

Mrs. Grant.

{ Born 1754.
 { Died 1838.

ANNE M'VICAR was born at Glasgow in 1754. In her twenty-fifth year she married the Rev. Mr. Grant, parish minister of Laggan, in Ivernesshire. She is the author of a volume of miscellaneous poems and several volumes of prose.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

FLOWER of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
 For thee the brake and tangled wood—
 To thy protecting shade she runs,
 Thy tender buds supply her food;
 Her young forsake her downy plumes,
 To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
 The deer that range the mountain free,
 The graceful doe, the stately hart,
 Their food and shelter seek from thee;
 The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
 And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
 Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
 Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
 Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
 Both valour's crest and beauty's bower,
 Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
 Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
 Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
 Not garden's artful varied pride,
 With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
 Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
 Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
 To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
 And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
 Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
 Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
 Alas, when distant far more dear!
 When he from some cold foreign strand,
 Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
 How must his aching heart deplore,
 That home and thee he sees no more!

George Crabbe.

{ Born 1754.
 { Died 1832.

CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on 24th December, 1754. He was of humble origin, his father being collector of salt duties. Crabbe received, however, a superior education, and was articled to a surgeon at Aldborough; but not finding the employment to his taste, he proceeded to London, hoping to obtain literary employment. He met with many rebuffs, but at last, by help of Burke, obtained the favour of Lord Thurlow, who advised him to enter the church. He did so, and was appointed curate in his native place, and afterwards chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. In 1781, with Burke's assistance, he obtained a publisher for "The Library," which was favourably received by the critics. "The Village" appeared in 1783, and extended the poet's fame. Lord Thurlow also gave him two small livings, which enabled him to marry in comfort. In 1807 he published the "Parish Register," which met with immediate popularity; and three years after "The Borough" appeared; and in 1812 "Tales in Verse." In 1814 he was presented by the Duke of Rutland with the living of Trowbridge in Wilts, worth £800 per annum, to which he removed. In 1819 Crabbe's last poem, "Tales of the Hall," was published. Murray the publisher at this time purchased the copyright of all Crabbe's works, for which he gave the handsome sum of £3000. In a good old age, and surrounded by his family, Crabbe died February 3, 1832.

THE PEASANT.

(From "Parish Register.")

A NOBLE Peasant, *Isaac Ashford*, died.
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene:

Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismay'd:
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
 Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved;
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
 And with the firmest had the fondest mind;
 Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none;
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd;
 (Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
 To miss one favour, which their neighbours find:)
 Yet far was he from Stoic pride removed;
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
 I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
 The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
 Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
 Nor pride in learning,—though my Clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few:—
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,—
 In fact, a noble passion misnamed pride.

THE BETROTHED PAIR IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(From "*The Borough*.")

YES, there are real mourners; I have seen
 A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
 Attention through the day her duties claimed,
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed;

Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed, "This once, and then the day;"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message: "Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

(From "*The Borough*.")

HE was a fisher from his earliest day,
And placed his nets within the Borough's bay;
Where, by his skates, his herrings, and his soles,
He lived, nor dream'd of Corporation-Doles;
But toiling saved, and, saving, never ceased
Till he had box'd up twelvescore pounds at least:
He knew not money's power, but judged it best
Safe in his trunk to let his treasure rest;
Yet to a friend complain'd: "Sad charge, to keep
So many pounds; and then I cannot sleep."
"Then put it out," replied the friend:—"What, give
My money up? why then I could not live:"
"Nay, but for interest place it in his hands
Who'll give you mortgage on his house or lands."
"Oh but," said Daniel, "that's a dangerous plan;
He may be robb'd like any other man:"
"Still he is bound, and you may be at rest,
More safe the money than within your chest;
And you'll receive, from all deductions clear,
Five pounds for every hundred, every year."
"What good in that?" quoth Daniel, "for 'tis plain,
If part I take, there can but part remain:"
"What! you, my friend, so skill'd in gainful things,
Have you to learn what interest money brings?"
"Not so," said Daniel, "perfectly I know,
He's the most interest who has most to show."
"True! and he'll show the more the more he lends;
Thus he his weight and consequence extends;
For they who borrow must restore each sum,
And pay for use. What, Daniel, art thou dumb?"
For much amazed was that good man.—"Indeed!"
Said he, with gladd'ning eye, "will money breed?
How have I lived? I grieve with all my heart,
For my late knowledge in this precious art:—
Five pounds for every hundred will he give?
And then the hundred?—I begin to live."—
So he began, and other means he found,
As he went on, to multiply a pound:
Though blind so long to interest, all allow
That no man better understands it now:
Him in our Body-Corporate we chose,
And once among us, he above us rose;

Stepping from post to post, he reach'd the chair,
And there he now reposes—that's the Mayor.

FROM "THE FRANK COURTSHIP."

THEN left the youth, who, lost in his retreat,
Pass'd the good matron on her garden-seat;
His looks were troubled, and his air, once mild
And calm, was hurried:—"My audacious child!"
Exclaim'd the dame, "I read what she has done
In thy displeasure—Ah! the thoughtless one:
But yet, Josiah, to my stern good man
Speak of the maid as mildly as you can:
Can you not seem to woo a little while
The daughter's will, the father to beguile?
So that his wrath in time may wear away;
Will you preserve our peace, Josiah? say."

"Yes! my good neighbour," said the gentle youth,
"Rely securely on my care and truth;
And should thy comfort with my efforts cease,
And only then,—perpetual is thy peace."

The dame had doubts: she well his virtues knew,
His deeds were friendly, and his words were true:

"But to address this vixen is a task
He is ashamed to take, and I to ask."
Soon as the father from Josiah learn'd
What pass'd with Sybil, he the truth discern'd.
"He loves," the man exclaim'd, "he loves, 'tis plain,
The thoughtless girl, and shall he love in vain?
She may be stubborn, but she shall be tried,
Born as she is of wilfulness and pride."

With anger fraught, but willing to persuade,
The wrathful father met the smiling maid:

"Sybil," said he, "I long, and yet I dread
To know thy conduct—hath Josiah fled?
And, grieved and fretted by thy scornful air,
For his lost peace, betaken him to prayer?
Couldst thou his pure and modest mind distress
By vile remarks upon his speech, address,
Attire, and voice?"—"All this I must confess."

"Unhappy child! what labour will it cost
To win him back!"—"I do not think him lost."
"Courts he then (trifler!) insult and disdain?"—
"No; but from these he courts me to refrain."

"Then hear me, Sybil: should Josiah leave
Thy father's house?"—"My father's child would grieve."
"That is of grace, and if he come again
To speak of love?"—"I might from grief refrain."
"Then wilt thou, daughter, our design embrace?"—
"Can I resist it, if it be of Grace?"
"Dear child, in three plain words thy mind express:
Wilt thou have this good youth?"—"Dear Father! yes."

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

(From "*Tales of the Hall*.")

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that give me not to choose;
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

THE CRAZED MAIDEN.

(From "*Tales of the Hall*.")

LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown;
The soil a pure and silver sand;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,

Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
 And on the shrouded bosom prey.
 I will not have the bell proclaim
 When those sad marriage rites begin,
 And boys, without regard or shame,
 Press the vile mouldering masses in.

FROM "SIR EUSTACE GREY."

"PILGRIM, burthen'd with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate,
 There, till Mercy let thee in,
 Knock and weep and watch and wait.
 Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry!
 Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears:
 Watch!—for saving grace is nigh:
 Wait,—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe and seal'd and bought and blest!
 Safe—from all the lures of vice,
 Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,
 Bought—by love and life the price,
 Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

"Holy Pilgrim! what for thee
 In a world like this remain?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
 Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame—from glory's view retire,
 Doubt—in certain rapture die,
 Pain—in endless bliss expire."

William Gifford.

{ Born 1756.
 { Died 1826.

BETTER known as a critic and prose writer than a poet, was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in 1756, of poor parentage. His parents died when he was very young, but Gifford picked up an education, and became an author in 1794. His "Baviad and Mæviad," poetical satires, introduced him into public notice; and as a political and literary writer he acted a prominent part during his after career. Of the higher poetry there are very few pieces by Gifford; but his poems show considerable simplicity and beauty. He died in London, on 21st December, 1826.

THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

I WISH I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void;
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
 Cold turf, which I no more must view,
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
 A long, a last, a sad adieu!

William Sotheby.

{ Born 1757.
 { Died 1833.

CHIEFLY known as a translator from the Latin, Greek, and German poets. He also wrote some original poems, but they are little known.

STAFFA.

STAFFA, I scaled thy summit hoar,
 I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
 Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
 When thunders on thy rocky shore
 The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
 The surge forgot its motion,
 And every pillar in thy cave
 Slept in its shadow on the wave,
 Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
 When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
 Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
 And every column wreathed with flame,
 Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
 O'er sculptured graves I trod,
 Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
 O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
 I hailed the eternal God:
 Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave
 Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

Robert Burns.

{ Born 1759
 { Died 1796.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a small cottage near the town of Ayr. His father, originally a small farmer, was reduced to humble circumstances, and worked as a common gardener; he was a man of stern and unflinching integrity, and gave his son a good example of religion and virtue. At an early age Burns was sent to school, and his teacher seems to have taken a

special delight in imparting to him even more than the usual smattering of knowledge; Burns had, besides, another teacher who busily prepared him for future greatness,—an old woman of the neighbourhood, who was a complete storehouse of old ballads and legendary tales, and who so filled the young mind of the poet with stories of witches, and ghosts, and fairies, that even in after life he could scarcely be out alone after nightfall without uneasiness. After his father's death Burns joined his brother in the small farm of Mossgiel, which will ever be associated with the purest and perhaps brightest period of his poetic development. Circumstances induced Burns to give up the farm entirely, and prepare to leave for the West Indies. To enable him to raise money to pay his passage, he thought of publishing an edition of his poems, which were first issued in 1786. Probably no collection of poems ever excited so instantaneous a sensation over a whole nation. So eagerly was the book sought after, that not a copy could be got; and so impatient was the public, that MS. copies of many of the pieces were passed from hand to hand. Of course the West Indies was no more thought of.

Unfortunately for Burns, the age in which he lived was one of extreme conviviality, and the author of such songs was of course quite a prize at convivial parties. Burns fell into the temptation, and to the end of his short, too short career, he never recovered the command of his appetites. The success of his poems made Burns now a comparatively rich man; a new edition of his poems yielded him £500, and with a generosity which was part of his character, he sent off £200 of it to help his struggling brother at Mossiel. With the remainder he stocked the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, where he resolved to turn over a new leaf. His resolutions were, however, never put into practice, for, unfortunately, to eke out his income, he had obtained the post of gauger or exciseman for the district. This position necessarily brought him still further into temptation, and was the cause of much of the misery of his after life. In 1788 he was married to Jean Armour by whom he had several children. In Ellisland his pen was ever busy; and not less beautiful than his songs were his *letters*, which bear the same stamp of genius as his other productions. There also was composed "Tam O'Shanter," which he himself considered to be his masterpiece. Had Burns lived, he intended to have produced some more enlarged pieces; but his early death, on the 21st July, 1796, in his 38th year, put a final period to all these plans.

FROM "THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; fire
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride; once
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; gray cheeks
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care; selects
 'And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name.

Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame, adds fuel to
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise. no, have

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—

How Abram was the friend of God on high;

Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;

How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

How his first followers and servants sped,

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;

And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then, kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear;

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

TO A MOUSE.

On turning up her Nest with the Plough.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,

Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

not, so

Wi' bickering brattle!

hasty clatter

I wad be laith to rin and chase thee, would, loath, run

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

ploughstaff

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve: sometimes
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! must
 A daimen icker in a thrave ear of corn, 24 sheaves
 'S a sma request: small
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive, rest
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin! little, house
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'! weak, walls, winds
 And naething now to big a new ane build, one
 O' foggage green, rank grass
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen! both sharp

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast, comfortable
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed ploughshare
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble, stubble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble! many
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald, without, hold
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble, endure, drizzle
 And cranreuch cauld! hoar-frost, cold

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane, alone
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
 Gang aft a-gley; go oft wrong
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain, leave
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only, toucheth thee:
 But, oh! I backward cast my ee, eye
 On prospects drear!
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,	
"Its e'en a lang, lang time indeed	long
Sin' I began to nick the thread,	since, cut
And choke the breath:	
Folk maun do something for their bread,	must
And sae maun Death."	so

FROM "THE TWA DOGS."

Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,	two, not busy
Forgathered ance upon a time.	met, once

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,	
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;	
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,	ears
Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,	
But whalpit some place far abroad,	whelped
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.	where, go

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar,	fine
Showed him the gentleman and scholar;	
But though he was o' high degree,	
NAE HAET CONCEIT—nae pride had he;	none
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'	would, have
E'en wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messan.	cur
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,	smithy
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,	shaggy, ragget
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,	
And FRISK OWRE stanes and billocks wi' him.	over, stones

The tither was a ploughman's collie,	other, dog
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,	blade
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,	
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,	called
After some dog in Highland sang,	(Ossian)
Was made langsyne—nane kens how lang,	none, knows

He was a gash and faithful tyke,	sagacious
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.	jumped, ditch
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,	plump, brindled
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.	always got, each
His breast was white, his touzie back	shaggy
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;	well
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,	stately
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.	hips, swirling motion

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,	fond
And unco pack and thick thegither;	very intimate [ed
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,	sometimes, scent-
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;	moles, dug up
Whyles scoured awa in lang excursion,	away
And worried ither in diversion;	each other
Until wi' daffin' weary grown,	sporting
Upon a knowe they sat them down,	hillock
And there began a lang digression	long
About the lords o' the creation.	

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I'LL no say men are villains a';	
The real, hardened wicked,	
Wha hae nae check but human law,	who have no
Are to a few restricked;	
But, oh! mankind are unco weak,	very
And little to be trusted;	
If self the wavering balance shake,	
It's rarely right adjusted!	
Aye free aff han' your story tell,	always off hand
When wi' a bosom crony;	companion
But still keep something to yoursel'	
Ye scarcely tell to ony.	any
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can	
Frae critical dissection,	from
But keek through every other man,	look
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.	
The secret lowe o' weel-placed love,	flame
Luxuriantly indulge it;	
But never tempt th' illicit rove,	
Though naething should divulge it:	nothing
I waive the quantum o' the sin,	
The hazard of concealing;	
But, oh! it hardens a' within,	
And petrifies the feeling!	
To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,	
Assiduous wait upon her;	
And gather gear by every wile	wealth
That's justified by honour;	

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And even the rigid feature:
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended;
 An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded;
 Or if she gi'e a random sting, give
 It may be little minded;
 But when on life we're tempest driven,
 A conscience but a canker,
 A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven,
 Is sure a noble anchor!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest!
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 14*

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

LAMENT FOR EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

"AWAKE thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of wo and wild despair;
 Awake! resound thy latest lay—
 Then sleep in silence evermair! evermore
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard,
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkiest gloom, darkest

"In poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found:
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
 That melts the fogs in limpid air;
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"O why has worth so short a date?
 While villains ripen grey with time;
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
 Why did I live to see that day?
 A day to me so full of wo!—
 Oh had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen; yesterday
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; so
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!" all

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie! muddy
 There, Simmer, first unfauld your robes, summer, unfold
 And there the langest tarry; longest
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, birch
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie:
 For dear to me, as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace, many
 Our parting was fu' tender; full
 And, pledging aft to meet again, oft
 We tore oursel's asunder;
 But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early! so
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, cold
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed so fondly! oft, have
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly! so
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly! loved
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

John Mayne.

{ Born 1761.
 { Died 1836.

BORN of humble parents in Dumfries, in 1761, Mayne showed considerable ability in poetical composition in his sixteenth year, when he began his "Siller Gun," which was improved and enlarged in many successive editions. He is also the author of "Logan Braes," "Helen of Kirkland," &c. Mayne raised himself to a position of influence in London, where he resided for the latter part of his life.

LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
 Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But wae's my heart, thae days are gane;
 And I wi' grief may herd alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
 Convoy me home frae Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing thae days are gane:
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I dauner out and sit alane;
 Sit alane beneath the tree
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
 Oh! could I see thae days again,
 My lover skaithless and my ain!
 Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

Joanna Baillie.

{ Born 1762.
 { Died 1851.

MISS BAILLIE was the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, in Bothwell, Lanarkshire. In early life she with her sister Agnes removed to London, where their brother, Sir Matthew Baillie, was settled as a physician. She is the author of various plays, one of which was acted on the stage; she also wrote some poems and Scottish songs, which have been much admired. She led a retired life, and died at Hampstead in 1851.

PICTURE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

EVEN now methinks
 Each little cottage of my native vale
 Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
 Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
 And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
 Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
 Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
 Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
 Peep through its wreathèd window, if indeed
 The flowers grow not too close; and there within
 Thou'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats,
 Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk.
 Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
 Their very forms distinctly?

I'll gather round my board
 All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
 And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
 Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
 The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
 Tossing his grey locks from his wrinkled brow
 With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
 Of days gone by. Music we'll have; and oft
 The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
 Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear
 Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
 Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
 Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
 We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?

Every season
 Shall have its suited pastime; even winter,
 In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow
 And choked up valleys from our mansion bar
 All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
 Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
 In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
 We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
 Plying our work with song and tale between.

George Colman.

{ Born 1762
Died 1836

AN able and successful English dramatic author, who also published a few humorous pieces under the title of "Broad Grins."

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same; and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny:
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a
guinea."

The doctor looked wise: "A slow fever," he said:
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said: "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?"

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord: "Till now I had ne'er a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host: "Why this passion?"

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking,

"Who would'nt be crusty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,

"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year."

"Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel," Will said;

"But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your bread*."

William Lisle Bowles. { Born 1762.
Died 1850.

Of a respectable family in Northamptonshire, was born in 1762. He was educated at Winchester School, and from thence he was sent to Oxford, where he gained the friendship of Thomas Warton. It was not till his twenty-seventh year that he published his first poems, under the title of "Fourteen Sonnets." Bowles, after leaving college, took holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Wilts. After some other changes, he ultimately obtained the rectory of Bremhill, in the same county, where he died 7th April, 1850.

TO TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense—
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

SOUTH AMERICAN SCENERY.

BENEATH ærial cliffs and glittering snows,
 The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
 Chief of the mountain tribes; high overhead,
 The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
 Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
 And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.

A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
 Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.

Summer was in its prime; the parrot flocks
 Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
 The chrysol and purple butterfly,
 Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
 The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
 With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
 The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
 The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
 And look! the cataract that bursts so high
 As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
 The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
 And, stealing, drop by drop, in mist descends;
 Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
 Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Checkering with partial shade, the beams of noon.
 And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
 Here, its gay network and fantastic twine.
 The purple cogul threads from pine to pine.
 And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
 Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
 There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white,
 The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
 And, 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumines,
 With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

Helen Maria Williams. { Born 1762.
 { Died 1815.

AN English lady who, imbibing republican opinions, settled in France, where she vigorously supported the Girondists with her pen. She published also a volume of poems of which Wordsworth took some notice.

SONNET TO HOPE.

O EVER skilled to wear the form we love!
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;

Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear:
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
 That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
 Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye,
 O! strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

Samuel Rogers.

{ Born 1763.
 { Died 1855.

ROGERS was born at Stoke-Newington, on 30th July, 1763. His father was a wealthy London banker, and the poet's life therefore opened under the most advantageous circumstances. He was, after receiving a liberal education, introduced into the banking firm, of which he remained a partner till his death. Few literary men have been so moderate under prosperity, or have used their wealth so ungrudgingly, and yet unostentatiously for the good of their fellow poets. He first appeared before the public in 1786, as the author of an "Ode to Superstition." In 1792 he published "Pleasures of Memory," the piece by which he is best known. In 1814 appeared "Jacqueline;" and in 1819 the first part of "Italy," his last poem, completed in 1828. He died 18th December, 1855.

FROM "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

CHILDHOOD's loved group revisits every scene,
 The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
 Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
 Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
 Thee would the Muse invoke! to thee belong
 The sage's precept and the poet's song.
 What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
 As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
 Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
 Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
 Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
 The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
 Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
 Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
 When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
 With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blazed
 The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
 Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
 Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
 Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:
 And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
 To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
 This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
 We lead the bending beggar on his way—
 Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt:
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And sighed to think that little was no more,
 He breathed his prayer, “Long may such goodness live!”
 ’Twas all he gave—’twas all he had to give.

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Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone:
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky,
 The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
 Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
 A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
 Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weeping heard where only joy has been;
 When, by his children borne, and from his door,
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is human life; so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

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The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
 The child is born, by many a pang endeared,
 And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
 O grant the cherub to her asking eye!
 He comes—she clasps him—to her bosom pressed,
 He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest,

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!

GINEVRA.

SHE was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra." There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

THE FOUNTAIN.

OVERCOME with heat,
I threw me down; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus*; and now approached
The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
The hour Rebekah came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard

Footsteps; and lo, descending by a path
 Trodden for ages, many a nymph appeared,
 Appeared and vanished, bearing on her head
 Her earthen pitcher. It called up the day
 Ulysses landed there; and long I gazed,
 Like one awaking in a distant time.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
 And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
 Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept
 And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

PÆSTUM.

(From "*Italy*.")

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea;
 Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
 The seaman passing, gazes from the deck,
 The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
 Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
 Time was they stood along the crowded street,
 Temples of gods, and on their ample steps
 What various habits, various tongues beset
 The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
 Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
 And here the accuser stood and there the accused,
 And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
 All silent now, as in the ages past,
 Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.

How many centuries did the sun go round
 From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
 While, by some spell rendered invisible,
 Or, if approached, approached by him alone
 Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
 As in the darkness of a sepulchre,

Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
 Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
 And taken to herself what man renounced;
 No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
 But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
 This iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!

From my youth upward have I longed to tread
 That classic ground; and am I here at last?
 Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
 And catching, as through some majestic grove,
 Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
 Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
 Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
 A cloudy region, black and desolate,
 Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.

James Grahame.

{ Born 1765.
 { Died 1811.

THE author of "The Sabbath" was born in Glasgow, on 22d April, 1765. His father was connected with the law, and educated his son for the Scottish Bar. This not proving congenial to the tastes of Grahame, he took orders in the Church of England, and obtained a curacy in Gloucestershire, and afterwards in Durham. Besides "The Sabbath," he also wrote "Mary Queen of Scotland," "The Birds of Scotland," and "British Georgics" in blank verse. He died 14th September, 1811.

FROM "THE SABBATH."

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
 Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
 Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheeding of the pasture, roams at large;
 And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 On other days, the man of toil is doomed
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely the ground
 Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
 Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,
 With covered face and upward earnest eye.
 Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
 While wandering slowly up the river-side,
 He meditates on Him whose power he marks,
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
 With elevated joy each rural charm,
 He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
 To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

THE PRESS-GANG.

(From "*The Birds of Scotland*.")

HERE dwelt a pair,
 Poor, humble, and content; one son alone,
 Their William, happy lived at home to bless
 Their downward years; he, simple youth,
 With boyish fondness, fancied he could love
 A seaman's life, and with the fishers sailed,
 To try their ways far 'mong the western isles,
 Far as St. Kilda's rock-walled shore abrupt,
 O'er which he saw ten thousand pinions wheel

Confused, dimming the sky; these dreary shores
 Gladly he left—he had a homeward heart:
 No more his wishes wander to the waves.
 But still he loves to cast a backward look,
 And tell of all he saw, of all he learned;
 Of pillared Staffa, lone Iona's isle,
 Where Scotland's kings are laid; of Lewis, Skye,
 And of the mainland mountain-circled lochs;
 And he would sing the rowers' timing chant
 And chorus wild. Once on a summer's eve,
 When low the sun behind the Highland hills
 Was almost set, he sung that song to cheer
 The aged folks; upon the inverted quern
 The father sat; the mother's spindle hung
 Forgot, and backward twirled the half-spun thread;
 Listening with partial, well-pleased look, she gazed
 Upon her son, and inly blest the Lord
 That he was safe returned. Sudden a noise
 Bursts rushing through the trees; a glance of steel
 Dazzles the eye, and fierce the savage band
 Glare all around, then single out their prey.
 In vain the mother clasps her darling boy;
 In vain the sire offers their little all:
 William is bound; they follow to the shore,
 Implore, and weep, and pray; knee-deep they stand,
 And view in mute despair the boat recede.

Baroness Nairn.

{ Born 1766
 { Died 1845

CAROLINE OLIPHANT, of the Oliphants of Gask, author of two beautiful Scottish songs.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John;
 There's neither could nor care, John;
 The day's aye fair
 I' the land o' the leal.
 Our bonny bairn's there, John;
 She was baith gude and fair, John;

And, oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal,
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John—
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh, dry your glistening e'e, John!
 My saul lang's to be free, John;
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
 Your day it's wearin' through, John;
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John;
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
 M'Lish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily—
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
 "And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
 And what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;"
 And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumbfounded he was—nae sigh did he gie;
 He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
 And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

Robert Bloomfield.

{ Born 1766.
 Died 1823.

AUTHOR of "The Farmer's Boy," was born at Bury St. Edmunds. His father was in poor circumstances, and died while he was a child. His uncle, a farmer, took charge of him for some time, but ultimately he was apprenticed to a London shoemaker. In this situation we find him at thirty-two, married, and the father of two children. About the same time he published his "Farmer's Boy," which became speedily popular. It procured him besides a situation in the Seal Office, which, however, he had ultimately to resign from bad health. His latter days were spent in poverty and neglect, his friends having vainly tried to obtain for him a pension from the Crown. He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on 19th August, 1823.

FROM "THE FARMER'S BOY."

O COME, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
 Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart;
 Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
 That poverty itself cannot destroy,
 Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
 Retrace the steps of wild obscurity.

No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse;
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to Truth's fair form what memory tells.

The farmer's life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth!
But views the future with the present hours,
And looks for failures as he looks for showers;
For casual as for certain want prepares,
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears;
Or clover, blossomed lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.
What though abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,
And seem to promise unexhausted food;
That promise fails when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.
For this his plough turns up the destined lands,
Whence stormy winter draws its full demands;
For this the seed minutely small he sows,
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows.
But how unlike to April's closing days!
High climbs the sun and darts his powerful rays;
Whitens the fresh-drawn mould, and pierces through
The cumbrous clods that tumble round the plough.
O'er heaven's bright azure, hence with joyful eyes
The farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise;
Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,
And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.
"Right welcome down, ye precious drops," he cries;
But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.
"Boy, bring the harrows, try how deep the rain
Has forced its way." He comes, but comes in vain;

Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks,
And mocks his pains the more the more he works.
Still, 'midst huge clods, he plunges on forlorn,
That laugh his harrows and the showers to scorn,
E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool,
Resists the stormy lectures of the school,
Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,
His head imbibes right reason by degrees;
As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,
Light constant rain evinces secret power,
And ere the day resumes its wonted smiles,
Presents a cheerful easy task for Giles.
Down with a touch the mellow soil is laid,
And your tall crop next claims his timely aid;
Thither well pleased he hies, assured to find
Wild trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
“Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?”
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;

My heart felt everything but calm repose;
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
 But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
 I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
 On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
 In stepped my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
 And stooping to the child, the old man said:
 "Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again;
 This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
 The child approached, and with her fingers light,
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
 But why thus spin my tale—th is tedious be?
 Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

Mrs. Opie.

{ Born 1768
 { Died 1853.

AMELIA ALDERSON, daughter of a doctor in Norwich, married John Opie, a celebrated artist, in 1798. Her literary career commenced in 1801, by her publishing a prose tale, and for many years her novels became very popular, and gained her considerable eminence. She also published a volume of poems in 1802. Mrs. Opie died in 1853.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

"STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
 Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy.

"Poor foolish child, how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought;
 She could not bear to see my joy;
 For with my father's life 'twas bought;
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

"The people's shouts were long and loud,
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
 'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
 My mother answered with her tears.
 'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
 'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
 She kissed me—and with such a sigh!
 She called me her poor orphan boy.

" 'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
 As in her face I looked and smiled;
 My mother through her tears replied,
 'You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!'
 And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy;
 O lady, I have learned too well
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

"Oh, were I by your bounty fed!
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
 Look down, dear parents! look, and see
 Your happy, happy, orphan boy!"

William Wordsworth. { Born 1770.
 Died 1850.

WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, on the 7th April, 1770. His father was in comfortable circumstances, and was able to give the poet a first-rate education. After being some years at Hawkesworth School, in Lancashire, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787. After completing his studies, Wordsworth travelled for some time on the Continent on foot, carrying some necessities in a pocket-handkerchief. The revolutionary mania, then at its crisis, made a deep impression on the poet's sensitive mind, and led him to publish in 1793 "Descriptive Sketches" and "An Evening Walk." In 1795 a friend left him a legacy of £900, which, with some money received for his works, enabled him to live tolerably for about eight years. In 1798, Wordsworth in conjunction with Coleridge projected "Lyrical Ballads," to which the latter contributed "The Ancient Mariner." The publisher gave thirty guineas for the volume. It appears that the bookseller made a poor speculation with it, so little was the style and subject of the

ballad at first appreciated. In 1798 Wordsworth went to Germany for a few months, and on his return he settled at Grasmere, where he lived for eight years. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, a cousin of his own, and with whom he had been long intimate. In 1805 he wrote his "Waggoner" and began "The Prelude;" the former was not published till 1819, and the latter not till after his death. In 1807 appeared two volumes of his poetry, which, though assailed with the severest criticism, began to work their way into the public mind; amid all the imperfections, and sometimes puerilities of his language, there was something so noble and impressive in his worship of the natural, that slowly but surely the influence of his poetry began to impress those who had most mercilessly condemned him. In 1813 he removed from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, where he resided till his death. In 1814 appeared "The Excursion," "brimful of splendid thoughts and beautiful in their drapery of glowing eloquence." Wordsworth about this time obtained through the influence of Lord Lonsdale the situation of distributor of stamps, with a salary of £300 a year; this, with his literary income, placed him in easy circumstances. In 1843 he was appointed laureate, with a pension of £300 per annum, succeeding his friend Southey. Wordsworth died on 23d April, 1850, full of years and honours. "The Prelude," a kind of autobiography begun forty-five years before, was published shortly after his death.

FROM "THE EXCURSION."

THE mountain-ash,
 Deck'd with autumnal berries that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show,
 Amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen,
 By a brook-side or solitary turn,
 How she her station doth adorn: the pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brightened round her. In his native vale
 Such and so glorious did this youth appear;
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which Nature's hand
 Had bounteously arrayed him. As old bards
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:
 Yet, like the sweet-breath'd violet of the shade
 Discovered in their own despite to sense
 Of mortals (if such fables without blame
 May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)
 So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
 And through the impediment of rural cares,
 In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
 And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
 In him the spirit of a hero walked
 Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit
 Whizzed from the stripling's arm! If touched by him,

The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
 Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
 The indefatigable fox had learned
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.
 With admiration he could lift his eyes
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
 Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,
 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
 To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
 The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
 And cautious waterfowl, from distant climes,
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

FROM "AN EVENING WALK."

FAR from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove
 Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
 His wizard course where hoary Derwent takes,
 Thro' crags and forest glooms and opening lakes,
 Staying his silent waves, to hear the roar
 That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;
 Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
 To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
 Where, bosom'd deep, the shy Winander peeps
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steepes;
 Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
 And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes! erewhile I taught, a happy child
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild;
 Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand
 Sad tides of joy from melancholy's hand;
 In youth's wild eye the livelong day was bright,
 The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
 Alike, when first the vales the bittern fills
 Or the first woodcocks roamed the moonlight hills.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain;
 For then, even then, the little heart would beat
 At times, while young Content forsook her seat,

And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed,
Where, tipp'd with gold, the mountain summits glowed
Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
With hope Reflection blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days;
Yet still the sport of some malignant power,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent,
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When soothed a while by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole Summer fields are thine by right:
And Autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
If welcomed once thou count'st it gain;
Thou art not daunted,
Nor carest if thou be set at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret news
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
 The poet's darling!

A PORTRAIT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand
fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And blest are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain:
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
Full oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed, from day to day;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee—
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,

A captive never wishing to be free.
 This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me
 A fly, that up and down himself doth shove
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,
 Now on the water vexed with mockery.
 I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
 Hence I am cross and peevish as a child:
 And pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled:
 O gentle creature! do not use me so,
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled!

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem

 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it has been of yore;—

 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

 The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose,—
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—
 Thou child of joy
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 shepherd boy!

William R. Spencer. { Born 1770.
 { Died 1835.

THE Hon. W. R. Spencer, one of the brightest ornaments of the gay circles of the metropolis, was younger son of Lord Charles Spencer. He was author of some ballads and miscellaneous pieces, and published a translation of Bürger's "Leonora." He held the situation of Commissioner of Stamps, and died at Paris in 1835.

BETH GELERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerily smiled the morn;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a lustier cheer,
 "Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
 Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"O where does faithful Gêlert roam,
 The flower of all his race;
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase?"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John;
 But now no Gêlert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewelyn little loved
 The chase of hart and hare;
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal seat,
 His truant Gêlert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

James Hogg.

{ Born 1770.
{ Died 1835.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, the poetical name he is generally known by, was descended from a family of shepherds in Selkirkshire. He was born in the Vale of Ettrick toward the close of 1770.

Hogg cannot be said to have had any education in his youth, as he seems only to have been half a year at school. He learned to read, however, and picked up a good deal of information in his leisure hours. At eighteen, while tending sheep, he made his first attempts in verse, and ultimately attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, whom he assisted in the collection of old ballads for the "Border Minstrelsy." In 1801, under the patronage of Sir Walter, he published a small volume of poems, and in 1807 "The Mountain Bard," both of which, besides fame, brought him some money. It was not till 1813 that he published his "Queen's Wake," the piece on which his fame as a poet rests.

Hogg was very unsuccessful in his attempts to establish himself as a farmer. Somewhat sanguine in his temperament, he engaged in speculations far beyond his means, and made disastrous failures. In his later years he was indebted to the kindness of the Duchess of Buccleuch for a home at Altrive on the Yarrow, where he died on 21st November, 1835. He left a widow and five children.

BONNY KILMENY.

(From "The Queen's Wake.")

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel trec;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung
Late, late in a gloaming, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that joup o’ the lily sheen?
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny’s face;
 As still was her look, and as still was her e’e,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been....

* * * *

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
 With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
 When seven lang years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm and hope was dead,
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny’s name,
 Late, late in a gloamin’ Kilmeny came hame!
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her e’e;
 Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there;
 And the soft desire of maiden’s een,
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
 And her voice like the distant melodie,
 That floats along the twilight sea.
 But she loved to raik the lanely glen,
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men.

Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
 The wolf played blithely round the field,
 The lordly bison bowed and kneeled,
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
 The corbie left her houff in the rock;
 The black-bird alang wi' the eagle flew;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
 The wolf and the kid their raike began,
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!
 When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
 There laid her down on the leaves so green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er mountain and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

Sir Walter Scott.

{ Born 1771.
 { Died 1832.

SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th August, 1771. His father was a Writer to the Signet, and a relative of the Scotts of Buccleuch. In early life Scott was in very delicate health, and a lameness, resulting from a fever, led to his being sent to his paternal grandfather's, near Kelso, where his youth was chiefly spent, and where he filled his young mind with the romantic tales of Border chivalry. After passing through the High School and University of Edinburgh with credit, Scott was apprenticed to his father as a writer, after which he studied for the bar, and was admitted of the Faculty of Advocates in 1792. In 1796 he married Miss Charlotte M. Carpenter, whom he had first met at a watering-place in Cumberland, and the young couple removed to Lasswade, where they spent some years in great happiness. In 1799 Scott obtained the appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with £300 a-year. He now paid a visit to the Borders, partly on official duty and partly to collect ballad poetry, which he published in 1802, under the title "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." After some other labours of a similar kind, at length appeared, in 1805, the original poem "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" it met with instant and unprecedented success, and stamped his character as one of the highest of our native poets. In 1808 appeared "Marmion," and in 1810 "The Lady of the Lake," the latter being the most popular of his poems, even to this day. In 1811 was published "The Vision of Don Roderick;" in 1813, "Rokeby;" and in 1814, "The Lord of the Isles." These later pieces did not by any means meet with the success that attended his earlier pieces; Scott, with the instinct of genius, felt that the old mine gave symptoms of being worked out, and devoted himself to prose fiction, and as the author of "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "The Antiquary," &c., his name rose still higher in the ear of fame. In 1820 George the Fourth conferred on him the honor of baronetcy.

Scott had, in 1811, purchased the estate of Cartley Hole, near Melrose; and here he built the romantic mansion-house of Abbotsford, which name he gave to the whole estate which he had enlarged from year to year by successive purchases.

Unfortunately for Scott, he had in 1805 been induced to join in partnership with James Ballantyne, a printer in Edinburgh, and afterwards to form intimate relations with the firm of Constable, a publisher. In 1826 the latter firm failed, and on examining the mixed liabilities of the two businesses, it was found that Scott was indebted upwards of £100,000. To any ordinary man this would have been crushing, but it only roused Scott to exertion; he would listen to no compromise with his creditors, and prepared, by the fruits of his pen, to clear off the whole. He actually, in a few years, made up about £70,000 of this sum; but his health gave way. In 1831 he was persuaded to take a foreign tour, in the hope of re-establishing it; the Admiralty furnished a ship, and he sailed for Naples. But it was too late; both body and mind were hopelessly shattered, and he returned home to Abbotsford only to die. In his latter moments he had read to him, from time to time, favourite passages from the Bible; and on the 21st September, 1832, he breathed his last in the presence of all his children.

THE MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door.
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

MELROSE ABBEY.

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;

For the gay beams of lightsome day,
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave.

Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!

Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall we meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

TANTALLON CASTLE.

THE train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
“Though something I might plain,” he said
“Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—

“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my King’s alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”—

Burn’d Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—“This to me!” he said,—
“An’t were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee thou’rt defied!
And if thou said’st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!”
On the earl’s cheek the flush of rage
O’ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth—“And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall.”—
Lord Marmion turn’d, well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

DEATH OF MARMION.

WITH that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion!
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head!

Good-night to Marmion."—
 O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Fogot were hatred, wrongs and fears—
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,

**Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Gray .
 Who . built . this . cross . and . well .**

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied

A monk supporting Marmion's head—
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

FITZJAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

"ENOUGH, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"—
"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.

That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still,
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

James Montgomery.

{ Born 1771.
Died 1854.

THE "Christian poet," as he has been aptly termed, was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, 4th November, 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who, leaving his son at Fulneck in Yorkshire to be educated, went to Tobago in the West Indies, in the pursuit of his duties, where he died. At the age of twelve, Montgomery began to write verses; and after being sent first to Mirfield, and afterwards to Wath, to earn his bread as a shopkeeper, he became so averse to his employment that he set off for London on foot, with his poems in his pocket, in the hope of obtaining a publisher for them. He was unsuccessful in this, but at last obtained a situation in a bookseller's shop, which he retained till the death of his employer. After some wanderings, Montgomery obtained a situation as clerk in Mr. Gale's, the publisher of the "Sheffield Register." Here his talent found due exercise in writing for, and conducting the paper. His master had ultimately to fly for fear of a prosecution by Government, and Montgomery, by the aid of some friends, was enabled to retain the office, and bring out a newspaper, the "Sheffield Iris," which he conducted till 1825. Montgomery's life as an editor was at first very unfortunate. In his paper he advocated liberal politics and religious freedom, and thus was brought under the notice of the Government, who, in these troublous times, acted with great tyranny; an old song on the destruction of the Bastile, which had been standing in type in the office for some time, had been reprinted unknown to him by one of his men; words applicable inoffensively to the circumstances of 1789 were now interpreted into a seditious libel, and a prosecution was most basely pushed on against him for a crime he never committed, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle. In 1795 he was tried for another imputed political offence, and such was the temper of the times that the jury brought him in guilty, and he was incarcerated for six months. He beguiled his time by writing poems, afterwards published under the title of "Prison Amusements." But the affairs of the poet were now more satisfactory. He had often written little pieces in his newspaper; but in 1806 he issued "The Wanderer of Switzerland." It was honoured with a withering criticism by the "Edinburgh Review," but in spite of this, it went rapidly through several editions. In 1807 appeared "The West Indies;" in 1813, "The World before the Flood," in 1819, "Greenland;" and in 1827, "The Pelican Island," the finest of his poems. In 1846 Government conferred on him the well-merited pension of £150 a-year, which he enjoyed till his death, on 30th April, 1854.

FROM "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD."

THE Giants reach'd their camp:—the night's alarms
 Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms;
 They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang,
 From tent to tent the brazen clangour rang:
 The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
 Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with affright.
 "Warriors! to battle—summon all your powers;
 Warriors! to conquest—Paradise is ours;"
 Exclaim'd their monarch;—not an arm was raised,
 In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,

And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.
The Giants' rage to instant madness grew;
The king and chiefs on their own legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance;—then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain,
But ere a sword could fall, by whirlwinds driven,
In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
The darting fires with noonday splendour burst;
And fearful grew the scene above, below,
With sights of mystery and sounds of woe.
The embattled Cherubim appear'd on high,
And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky;
Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
Spirits of unimaginable mould,
Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight,
From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
In arms, against the Giants took the field.
On such an host Elisha's servant gazed,
When all the mountain round the prophet blazed:
With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
Michael, against the Prince of Darkness fought.
Roused by the trumpet, that shall wake the dead,
The torpid foe in consternation fled;
The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
The king himself the foremost of the van,
Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
With swifter onset than he led that flight.
Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew;
Their arms, their vestments from their limbs they threw;
O'er shields and helms the reinless camel strode,
And gold and purple strew'd the desert road.

THE THAW. .

LISTENING, as oft he listens in a shell
To the mock tide's alternate fall and swell,
He kneels upon the ice,—inclines his ear,
And hears—or does he only seem to hear?—
A sound, as though the Genius of the Deep
Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.

He starts;—'twas but a pulse within his brain!
No—for he feels it beat through every vein;
Groan following groan (as from a giant's breast,
Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest),
With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.
The keen expression of his eye alarms
His mother; she has caught him in her arms,
And learn'd the cause;—that cause, no sooner known,
From lip to lip, o'er many a league is flown;
Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
In shrieks of consternation to the skies;
Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness scowl,
Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.
From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
Like a snow-mountain;—there in ambush lay
The undreaded tempest, panting for his prey.
That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
And hangs in meteor-twilight overhead;
At foot, beneath the adamantine floor,
Loose in their prison-house the surges roar:
To every eye, ear, heart, the alarm is given,
And landward crowds (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
When storms are on the wing), in wild affright,
On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
In thunder, through the unstable continent.

TO BRITAIN.

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,
Sweet as my father's voice to me,
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy public virtues stand,
The guardian-angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear domestic host,
The heart's affections, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of home,

I love thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth,
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame:
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down History's lengthening, widening way,
And hail thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and who was he!
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His, bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw—whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd—all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—There lived a man!

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

“SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.”—
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

TWILIGHT.

I LOVE thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
 Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
 I love thee, twilight! for thy gleams impart
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
 When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
 Awakens all the music of the mind,
 And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
 And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.
 While contemplation on seraphic wings,
 Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings,—
 Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase,
 Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace.
 Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
 Clearer within, the dawn of glory shines,
 Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
 A world of wonders in the poet's breast;
 Deeper, O twilight! then thy shadows roll,
 An awful vision opens on my soul.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. { Born 1772.
 Died 1834.

THIS gifted thinker and poet was the son of the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of St. Mary's Ottery, Devonshire, and was born on 20th October, 1772. He received his education at Christ's Hospital, where, without desire or ambition, his talents and superiority placed him ever at the head of his class. In 1791 Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained till 1793. But having contracted some debts, in a fit of despondency he enlisted as a soldier in the 15th Light Dragoons. Here his education soon made his position in society known, and his friends, to his great satisfaction, as he **made**

but a sorry dragoon, bought him off. In 1794 Coleridge became acquainted with Southey, and formed a friendship which affected his future history. In conjunction with him he wrote and published "The Fall of Robespierre," a poem, and spent the remainder of the year in lecturing on revealed religion, he having become a Unitarian. Southey and he afterwards married two sisters of the name of Fricker. Coleridge also established a periodical called "The Watchman," which however soon became defunct, from his incurable unpunctuality.

In 1798 appeared his fascinating tale of "The Ancient Mariner," "The Foster-Mother's Tale," &c.; and about the same time he was by the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgewood, who settled £150 a-year on him, enabled to proceed to Germany to complete his education. On his return in 1800 he went to reside with Southey at Keswick. The same year Coleridge issued his translation, or rather transfusion, of Schiller's "Wallenstein," in which he has thrown some of the choicest graces of his own fancy. He obtained also employment as an occasional contributor to the "Morning Post," his unbusinesslike habits making regular contributions impossible. In 1804 he went to Malta to recruit his health, which was suffering greatly from his addiction to opium; he obtained there the post of Secretary to the Governor, but he only held the situation nine months. On his return he took up his abode at Grasmere; and in 1816, at the recommendation of Byron, he published *Christabel*, "a wild and wondrous tale." Coleridge now began to reap the fruits of his genius; he obtained considerable sums from his poetical and prose works, which had a very wide circulation. Fortunately for his after life he was able to give up the use of opium, which was proving so pernicious to his health. In 1816 he took up his residence with Mr. Gilman, a surgeon, of Highgate Grove, to whose care and skill Coleridge was indebted for the comparative ease and comfort of his later days. He died at Highgate, 25th July, 1834.

FROM "THE ANCIEN^T MARINER."

"O WEDDING-GUEST! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

FROM “ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR [1795].”

SPIRIT who sweepst the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear,
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime,
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight,

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wistful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed, tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee,
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell,
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories
shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

FROM "CHRISTABEL."

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother;
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between;—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

Mrs. Mary Tighe.

{ Born 1773
Died 1810.

AN Irish poetess, daughter of Rev. M. Blackford, County Wicklow, her chief poem is "Psyche."

FROM "PSYCHE."

GENTLY ascending from a silvery flood,
 Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
 The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
 And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
 The passing breezes with their odours fill;
 Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
 And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
 Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
 And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious 'mid a sky serene,
 And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
 The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
 Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
 While closing round it with majestic pride,

The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise;
 "Sure some divinity must here reside,"
 As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
 And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes,

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
 From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
 "Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
 At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
 And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
 For thee the palace rose at his command,
 For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
 He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
 Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band."

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
 For now the pompous portals opened wide,
 There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
 Through halls high-domed, enriched with sculptured
 pride,
 While gay saloons appeared on either side,
 In splendid vista opening to her sight;
 And all with precious gems so beautified,
 And furnished with such exquisite delight,
 That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright

Robert Southey.

{ Born 1774.
 { Died 1843.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., was born at Bristol, on 12th August, 1774. His father was a respectable linendraper in Wine Street. So early as twelve, Southey began to write verses; and during the whole period of his boyhood he seems to have been giving promise of the eminence to which he afterward attained. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Westminster School, where he remained three years; but having, in conjunction with some of his school-companions, published a lampoon on Doctor Vincent, Southey, as the chief actor, was dismissed from the school. Southey from this time till about 1811 was a revolutionist. In 1794 he married a Miss Fricker. To support himself he commenced giving lectures, and afterwards he began the study of the law. In 1796 Southey published his "Joan of Arc," which he afterwards greatly altered. The study of the law went on very slowly; and at last, from bad health, he in 1800 proceeded to Portugal to recruit, where he wrote his "Thalaba," which was published in 1801. In 1804, he issued "Metrical Tales;" in 1805, "Madoc;" in 1810, "The Curse of Kehama;" and in 1814, "Roderick, the Last of the Goths." Southey, though a very voluminous writer, has never been a popular one; his admirers are chiefly among the class of students and critics, but there are some of his small pieces which have ever been the delight of general readers, such as "Lord William," "Mary the Maid of the Inn," &c. Southey's poems and his other literary work, together with a pension of £200 a-year from

Government which he received in 1807, enabled him to live in comfort, and even luxury. In 1813 he was appointed poet-laureate, and received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford. In 1837 his wife died, and in 1839 he married a Miss Bowles, herself an authoress. He was also offered a baronetage and a seat in Parliament, which however he declined. At his death, on the 21st March, 1843, Southey left above £12,000 to his wife and family. He died at Greta Bridge, and was interred at Crosssthaite, where a marble monument has been erected to his memory.

FROM "JOAN OF ARC."

Lo! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man,
Conrade! the gathered foes along the wall
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
Cresting with armèd men the battlements.
He, undismayed, though on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin; the keen point
Pierced through the destined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breast: a wound that skilful care
Haply had heal'd; but, him disabled now
For farther service, the un pitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall
Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
His deadly javelins fast, for well within
The tower was stored with weapons, to the chief
Quickly supplied: nor did the mission'd Maid
Rest idle from the combat; she, secure,
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires
Gains aptly: nor amid the numerous throng,
Though haply erring from their destined mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang: the knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there,
So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast
As when the monarch of the East goes forth
Frem Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
Die in the blameless warfare: closed within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.
The shout of terror rings along the wall,

For now the French their scaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless: from above the furious troops
Hurl down such weapons as inventive care
Or frantic rage supplies: huge stones and beams
Crush the bold foe; some, thrust adown the height,
Fall living to their death; some in keen pangs
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws through their members, leap down desperate,
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
To the English was the fight, though from above
Easy to crush the assailants: them amidst
Fast fled the arrows; the large brass-wing'd darts,
There driven resistless from the espringal,
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
The heavier from its height; some, the long lance,
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,
Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering roar
Convulsing air, the soldier's eager shout,
And terror's wild shriek, echo o'er the plain
In dreadful harmony.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS:

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,
 “I remember’d that youth could not last;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.”

“You are old, Father Willam,” the young man cried,
 “And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied;
 “Let the cause thy attention engage;
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
 And He hath not forgotten my age.”

Robert Tannahill.

{ Born 1774.
 { Died 1810.

THIS Scottish poet, chiefly known for his exquisite songs in the Scottish dialect, was born at Paisley, on 3d June, 1774. He received a very limited education, and was early put to the occupation of weaving, where he began his song writing. He is also the author of some poems, but they are far inferior to his songs. A volume of his poems and songs was published in 1807, and was highly successful. Meeting some disappointment in issuing another volume, his mind, which had been previously weakened by consumption, gave way, and in a fit of depression he drowned himself, on 17th May, 1810.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;
 How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:
 The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they ha'e marched my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheery,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
 And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the bleak glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan',
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

John Leyden.

{ Born 1775.
 { Died 1811.

A DISTINGUISHED oriental scholar, was born at Denholm, in Roxburghshire, in 1775. He was of humble parentage, but by his prodigious power of mind and intense application he raised himself to a position of high eminence. He was ordained to the church; but his tastes inclining to oriental literature, he qualified himself in five months for the post of surgeon, and in that capacity he was put on the Madras establishment, where he prosecuted his oriental studies. He was afterwards appointed a Judge at Calcutta. He died August 28th, 1811. His chief poems are his "Scenes of Infancy," and some ballads.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
 What vanity has brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after-time.

Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts that soared sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear;
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true!
 I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart; the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey;
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

Walter Savage Landor. { Born 1775.
 { Died 1864.

BORN at Ipseley Court, Warwickshire, on 30th January, 1775, of an ancient family, he was educated for the army, but his republican views caused him to decline supporting the monarchy in this way. He succeeded to the family estate about 1805, and in 1806 raised a troop at his own expense to support the Spaniards in their first insurrection. In 1815 he took up his abode in Italy, where he resided for many years. Landor's first poems were published in 1795, and the last in 1858. His prose writings, especially his "Imaginary Conversations," are by far the finest of his compositions, although steeped in the bitter tone of the old mocking Paganism.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.
 I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
 Alas! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him: I now would give
 My love could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death!
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me; but mine returns;
 And this lone bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
 Wept he as bitter tears!
 'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
 'These may she never share!'
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
 And oh! pray, too, for me!

 Charles Lamb.

 { Born 1775.
 Died 1834.

A POET, but better known by his delightful essays, was born in London on 10th February, 1775. His life has a strange tragic interest, and the devotion of his life to the care of his sister is touching in the extreme. He was an accountant in the East India Company's office until 1825, when he retired with a handsome pension. His works were written at his leisure hours. His first poems were published in 1801, with but indifferent success. He attempted the drama, but failed; he now devoted his mind to prose essays, in which there is more of real poetry than in any of his verses. He met with the greatest encouragement, and his name has come down to us as one of the master essayists of his age. He met with an accident, which caused his death on 27th December, 1834.

TO HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,

Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

James Smith.

{ Born 1775.
{ Died 1839.

Horace Smith.

{ Born 1779.
{ Died 1849.

THE authors of "Rejected Addresses" were the sons of Robert Smith, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, and were born in London. James followed the profession of his father, to whose appointment he succeeded. Horace became a member of the Stock Exchange. Their first contributions to literature were published in the "Pic-nic" newspaper. They also contributed largely to the

monthlies, in which were first published their poetical pieces. In 1812 appeared their great work, "Rejected Addresses," containing imitations of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, &c. Its success was unexampled, and it brought the authors both wealth and fame. James Smith was content with the fame thus acquired, and only wrote a few occasional pieces for the magazines; but Horace opened up a new field of honour, and became a most successful novel writer. James died at London, 24th December, 1839, and Horace at Tunbridge Wells, 12th July, 1849.

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

(AFTER SIR W. SCOTT.)

AN awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide;
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain;
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well!
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;

Why are you in such doleful dumps?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
 What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!"—
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE UPAS IN MARYBONE LANE.

(BY JAMES SMITH.)

A TREE grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
 A venom distilled of the deadliest kind;
 The Dutch sent their felons the juices to draw,
 And who returned safe, pleaded pardon by law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
 Advancing from windward to 'scape the death-gale:
 How few the reward of their victory earned!
 For ninety-nine perished for one who returned.

Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
 Removed it through Holland, and planted it here;
 'Tis now a stock-plant of the genus wolf's-bane,
 And one of them blossoms in Marybone Lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in the row,
 Two doors at right angles swing open below;
 And the children of misery daily steal in,
 And the poison they draw they denominate *Gin*.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
 This compound of crime at a sovereign a quart;
 Let gin fetch per bottle the price of champagne,
 And hew down the Upas in Marybone Lane.

FROM "ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONT'S EXHIBITION."

(BY HORACE SMITH.)

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
 Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

(BY HORACE SMITH.)

DAY-STARS! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty,
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty
 Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet scented pictures; heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!

Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Sir Alexander Boswell. { Born 1775.
Died 1822.

ELDEST son of "Johnson's Boswell," and grandson of Lord Auchinleck, a Scottish judge, was author of several amusing songs and poems in the Scottish dialect. He wrote some personal satires on Stuart of Dunearn, which led to a duel, in which Boswell was mortally wounded, and died 26th March, 1822.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang;
I speired at neibour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,
Thought he'd o' cunning unco skeel,
And here they cam, awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

money

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he: "My goddess, nymph and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;"
But nought a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
 Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
 Cried "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
 Or tie 't till a tree.

"What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan';
 Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
 He thought to pay what he was awn
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs,
 A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
 Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
 Ah! waes me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
 He girmed, "I' faith, a bonny lass!"
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
 The sodger no to strut so big,
 The lawyer no to be a prig,
 The fool cried "Tehee,

I kent that I could never fail!"—
 She preen'd the dish-clout till his tail,
 And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

Richard Gall.

{ Born 1776.
 { Died 1801.

A PRINTER in Edinburgh, who wrote some very beautiful Scottish songs.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie O;
 Thy neck is like the siller-dew
 Upon the banks sae briery O;
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e!
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
 It sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
 Rejoicing in the summer morn,
 Nae care to mak it eerie O;
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
 That gar my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinking bonny O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and mony O;
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
 And round about the thorny tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
 I wish thou wert for ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me O:
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither wardly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only jo and dearie O.

Thomas Campbell.

{ Born 1777.
 { Died 1844.

CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, on 27th July, 1777. He was of an old Highland family, the Campbells of Kirnan; his father was a Virginia merchant in Glasgow, and gave his family, of whom Thomas was the tenth child, a good education. Thomas was distinguished at the University of Glasgow for his Greek translations; and in his fourteenth year he appears to have written English poetry, especially lyrical, with much taste and beauty. When still young, he removed to Edinburgh, where he took lodgings in Allison's Square. Here, in his twenty-second year, he composed "The Pleasures of Hope," which was published in April, 1799; this work met with great success, and went through four editions in a year. He was enabled by the proceeds to take a tour on the Continent, where he wrote "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners," "The Exile of Erin," &c. On his return to Leith he was thought to be a spy, and a box containing papers was especially examined for proofs of his treason. The first paper they found contained "Ye Mariners of England," which, when published, spread his name like wildfire over the country. In 1803 the poet repaired to London, and devoted himself to literature as a profession, and for many years he was engaged in most severe literary labours; amid which, however, he found time to write, besides smaller pieces, "Theodric," published in 1824, and "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," published in 1842. The Government

had, in 1806, given him a pension of £200 a-year, and this, combined with the large sums derived from his poems and literary work, and a legacy left him in 1815, placed him in quite comfortable circumstances. In 1826 he received what he considered his crowning honour, in having been chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In 1843, to restore his failing health, he settled in Boulogne, but his strength never rallied, and he died there on 15th June, 1844. His remains were brought to London and interred in Westminster Abbey. The Polish Colonel Szyrma cast some earth from Kosciusko's grave upon the bier, as a tribute of his countrymen to the friend of Poland.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below.
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind,

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!

What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away.

* * * *

Lo! at the couch, where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine,
No sigh that rends thy father’s heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world’s ungenerous scorn away.

* * * *

Warsaw’s last champion from her height survey’d,
Wide o’er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
“Oh! Heaven!” he cried, “my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!”

He said, and on the rampart-heights array’d
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay’d;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or Death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal’d the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll’d their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley’d thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arm, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shatter’d spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek’d—as Kosciusko fell!

FROM "LOCHIEL'S WARNING."

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one! [clan,
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day:
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors!
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They die to defend me, or live to deplore!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

WHEN reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

METHOUGHT from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'TWAS autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Noel Thomas Carrington. { Born 1777.
 { Died 1830.

A DEVONSHIRE poet who followed the profession of schoolmaster at Plymouth. He has very pleasingly depicted the scenery of his native county in his poem of "Dartmoor."

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

THEY are flown,
 Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
 In Superstition's web when Time was young,
 And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
 Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
 Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
 The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
 The elfin visions that so blest the sight
 In the old days romantic. Nought is heard
 Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
 Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
 And waterfall; the day is silent else,
 And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
 The immortal music, men of ancient times
 Have ravished oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
 Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
 That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
 The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
 Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
 The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
 Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
 Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreprieved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!

Thomas Moore.

{ Born 1779.
{ Died 1852.

MOORE was born in Dublin, on 28th May, 1779. His parents were Catholics and in humble circumstances, but gave him a tolerably good education; and in 1793, when the University of Dublin was opened to Catholics, he was sent there. In 1793 he contributed verses of considerable merit to a periodical called "Anthologia Hibernica;" and in 1799 he removed to London, where appeared his translation of Anacreon, dedicated by permission to the Prince of Wales, which brought him into notice. His singing, too, became the rage in fashionable circles; and so popular was he that he obtained the appointment of Admiralty-Registrar for Bermuda, with a handsome salary. He set out for Bermuda in 1804, but wearying of the place he returned to England, leaving his duties to be performed by a deputy. In 1807, Moore commenced his "Irish Melodies," a noble and patriotic work, which met with a most enthusiastic reception, especially from his countrymen; the first part was published in 1813, and the last part in 1834. In 1811, Moore married Miss Bessy Dyke, a lady who had attained some distinction on the Irish stage; she was a most suitable wife, and made for him a happy home. In 1812, Moore commenced a series of satirical effusions which met with prodigious success: the wit, ease, and playfulness of the satire captivated every circle; and the poet's reputation was such that a friend was able to make an arrangement with Murray the publisher for Moore to write an Eastern romance in poetry, and to get for it the sum of three thousand guineas. This, for a poem yet unwritten, is one of the most striking events in poetical history. The poem was finished and published in 1817. It had a wonderful sale—six editions were sold in as many months; and the truth of the descriptions were the wonder and delight of Orientalists, who knew Moore had never been in the East; even Jeffrey hailed it "as the finest Orientalism we have had yet." Moore's star was at its zenith, when notice arrived of the fraud of his deputy in Bermuda, entailing on him a loss of £6000. An attachment was issued against his person, and Moore left for Paris; but by the kindness of friends he was ultimately enabled to compromise and settle the matter. Whilst on the Continent he composed "The Epicurean," a prose story, and "The Loves of the Angels," published in 1823. Moore's circumstances were not such as to free his mind from anxiety; and on a hint to this effect to Lord John Russell, he in 1835 received a pension of £300 a-year from Government. During the rest of his career Moore was chiefly engaged as a prose writer; his Life of

Sheridan, and *Life of Lord Byron*, are among the best of his works at this period. In 1838 he resolved on a visit to Ireland; the news preceded him, and wherever he appeared he was greeted with rapturous enthusiasm. The closing years of Moore's life were sad and melancholy: his children one by one sunk into the grave, and a settled depression gathered over the poet's mind, deepening as he drew near his end. He died on 25th February, 1852.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

BUT quenched to-night that ardour seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow:—
 Never before, but in her dreams,
 Had she beheld him pale as now:
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
 Visions that will not be forgot,
 But sadden every waking scene,
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
 All withered where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that moonlight flood—
 "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle!
 Oft, in my fancy's wanderings
 I've wished that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone!
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold
 A Paradise so pure and lonely!
 Would this be world enough for thee?"—
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on;
 But when she marked how mournfully
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
 My dreams have boded all too right—
 We part—for ever part—to-night!
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!"

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When Heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesss of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

Oh you that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round:—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;

For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

OH, THOU! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

OH, Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

Ebenezer Elliot.

{ Born 1781.
 Died 1849.

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER, as he is generally called, was born at Masborough in Yorkshire, on 7th March, 1781. He appeared first as a poet in 1823; and when the Corn-Law agitation commenced, he lent the full vigour of his pen to further it. His Corn-Law rhymes had a great influence among his own class; but they are poor productions, and would never have entitled him to be ranked as a poet. Some of his other pieces show higher poetical powers. He died in 1849.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

SABBATH holy!
 To the lowly,
 Still art thou a welcome day.

When Thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the Poor Man's *heart* to pray.

Sun-waked Forest,
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute empurpled moor,
Throstle's song that stream-like flowest,
Wind that over dewdrop goest,
Welcome now the woe-worn poor!

Little River,
Young for ever!
Cloud gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat within the wild rose keeping,
O! that they were blest as ye.

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod:
For Affliction's sons and daughters
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,
Pray to God—the Poor Man's God!

Tyrants curse ye
While they ~~nurse~~ nurse ye,
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;
Yet, O Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art Thou "The Poor Man's day."

Sabbath's Father,
Would'st Thou rather
Some should curse than all be blest,
If Thou hate not fruit and blossom,
To the Oppressor's godless bosom
Bring the Poor Man's day of rest,—

With its healing,
With his feeling,
With his humble trustful bliss;
With the Poor Man's honest kindness,
Bless the rich man's heart of blindness,
Teach him what religion is!

Jane Taylor.

{ Born 1783.
Died 1823.

JANE TAYLOR was born in London, in 1783. Her father became afterwards a dissenting minister at Colchester, where he educated his family. In conjunction with her sister Anne, she wrote and published a collection of children's hymns and rhymes, which have been universally admired. Jane is also the author of "Display," a prose work. She died in 1823.

CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky;
Rocks are rending at the sight:
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

Nail'd upon the cross, behold,
How His tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn:
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

See the blood is falling fast,
From his forehead and his side;
Hark! He now has breathed his last:
With a mighty groan He died.
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

He who was King above
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity- out of love,
That the guilty He might save.
Down to this sad world He flew,
For such little ones as you.

Reginald Heber.

{ Born 1783.
Died 1826.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta, was born on 21st April, 1783, at Malpas in Cheshire, a living held by his father. He entered at Brasenose College at the age of seventeen, and, in his twentieth year, his poem "Palestine" gained the prize for English poetical composition. The poem caused a great sensation in the University, and was the occasion of his being brought prominently into notice.

He appeared as a poet again in 1809, when he published "Europe." Having been educated for the Church, Heber obtained the living of Hodnet, where he devoted himself to the duties of his charge with great zeal and success; at the same time he married Amelia Shipley daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. His leisure time was constantly engaged in literary work; and during this period he wrote many of those beautiful hymns which must ever be connected with his name. In 1823 he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, and he entered on his work of supervision with great zeal and prudence. His whole mind seemed to have been occupied with how best to advance Christianity in the East. In one of his tours he was taken ill at Trichinopoly, and died very suddenly on 3d April, 1826, universally lamented.

FROM "PALESTINE."

YET still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
 And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
 Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
 And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
 Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restored,
 Not built in murder,—planted by the sword;
 Yes! Salem, thou shalt rise; thy Father's aid
 Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made:
 Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
 And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
 Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
 Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvest yield,
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
 E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
 That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
 Courts the bright vision of descending power,
 Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
 And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
 Thy Lion, Judah, from His destined reign.
 And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandall'd with the storm;
 A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
 To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land;
 And, hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
 His dreadful voice, that Time shall be no more!
 Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
 Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey;

Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night!—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light:
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;
“Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!”

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lonely guise He came,
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
Oppress'd by Power and mock'd by Pride!
O God! is this The Crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
And seek the mountain's shade in vain!
But Faith, ascending from the tomb,
Shall shouting sing—“The Lord is come!”

Leigh Hunt.

{ Born 1784.
 { Died 1859.

Was born in Southgate, Middlesex, 19th October, 1784. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, who was enabled to give his son a good education. So early as his sixteenth year he wrote and published verses. In 1805 he connected himself with a newspaper, and was so unfortunate as to be prosecuted for a libel on the Prince Regent. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, which was relieved somewhat by the kind attentions of his friends, among whom were Moore and Byron. He also adorned his room with busts and flowers, and in a small corner of the yard contrived to cultivate flowers and young fruit trees. On leaving prison he published the story of "Rimini" in verse, and also two volumes of miscellaneous poetry. In 1842 he published a drama, a "Legend of Florence." He was also a writer of biography and a novelist. Mr. Hunt obtained in 1847 a pension of £200 a-year from Government, which he enjoyed till his death in 1859.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
 Jaffâr was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
 And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mistrust,
 Of what the good and ev'n the bad might say,
 Ordained that no man living, from that day,
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death;
 All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer—he, proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,
 And facing death for very scorn and grief,
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief,)
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily on the square,
 Where once had stood a happy house; and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the scymetar
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffâr.

"Bring me this man," the Caliph cried; the man
 Was brought—was gazed upon; the mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
 "From bonds far worse Jaffâr delivered me;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
 With his great self; how can I pay Jaffâr?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this,
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,

Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will,
 The Caliph's judgment shall be master still,
 Go! and since gifts thus move thee! take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took, and holding it
 High tow'ards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffâr!"

Bernard Barton.

{ Born 1784.
 { Died 1849.

THE QUAKER POET was born near London, in 1784. He was employed for most part of his life as clerk in a banking-house in Woodbridge. Barton's first poems were published in 1811, and various other volumes followed; they are characterised by much simplicity and purity of style, but have never been very popular. In his later days he obtained a pension of £100 a-year from Government. He died at Woodbridge, in February, 1849.

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

NOBLE the mountain-stream,
 Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
 Glory is in its gleam
 Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
 Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
 Mimics the bow of day
 Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
 Steeping the rocks around—O! tell me where
 Could majesty and power
 Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
 The streamlet flowing silently serene;
 Traced by the brighter hue,
 And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
 Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
 Its quiet beauty feeds
 The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of Gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By Power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

Allan Cunningham.

{ Born 1784.
{ Died 1842.

WAS born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, 7th December, 1784. His father was a gardener, and Allan had few advantages in the way of education. Allan was apprenticed to his uncle, a builder, but he ultimately abandoned this business, and became a clerk of works to Sir F. Chantrey, in London. In his leisure moments he wrote his Scottish songs, which were published from time to time, and which have made his name eminent among his countrymen. He is also well known as the editor of the "Collected Edition of Burns' Works," to which he prefixed a very interesting Life of Burns. His last work was a "Life of Sir David Wilkie." He died 29th October, 1842.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

MY NANIE O.

RED rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonny O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O.

My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;
 Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
 And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,
 My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
 When coming frae my Nanie O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
 The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
 They winna wrang my Nanie O!

Henry Kirke White. { Born 1785.
 { Died 1806.

THIS accomplished genius was the son of a butcher in Nottingham, and was born on 21st August, 1785. He at first assisted in his father's business, but at last, anxious to have a profession which would give employment to his mind, he was apprenticed to an attorney. His habits of study were unremitting, and at the age of fifteen he obtained, in a competition, a silver medal from a London magazine for a translation from Horace. In 1803 he published a volume of poems, some of which were written in his thirteenth year. The volume was severely handled by the critics, but fortunately Southey, who happened to read the pieces, wrote the young poet with words of encouragement. White was at one time inclined to deism, but an accidental reading of Scott's "Force of Truth" brought conviction to his mind of the truth of Christianity, and gave a new tinge to his character, and object to his life. He resolved to devote himself to the ministry, and by the help of some friends was enabled to go through the necessary studies. He earned the highest distinctions at his college, but he purchased them too dearly, as his unremitting application had totally ruined his health, and he died on 19th October, 1806, at the early age of twenty-one. His remains, collected by Southey, are among the finest compositions in our language.

FROM "TIME."

How insignificant is mortal man,
 Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour!
 How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
 Of infinite duration, boundless space!
 God of the universe—Almighty One—
 Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
 Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,
 Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
 Ridest from pole to pole;—Thou who dost hold

The forkèd lightnings in thine awful grasp,
 And reinest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
 Goes down towards erring man,—I would address
 To Thee my parting pæan; for of Thee,
 Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
 Art time and space, sublime infinitude,
 Of Thee has been my song!—With awe I kneel
 Trembling before the footstool of thy state;
 My God, my Father!—I will sing to Thee
 A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
 Ere on the cypress wreath which overshades
 The throne of Death I hang my mournful lyre,
 And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
 Rise, son of Salem, rise, and join the strain,
 Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp,
 And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
 To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
 And halleluiah, for the Lord is great,
 And full of mercy!

HYMN.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
 Where, where, oh where, shall man retire,
 To escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,
 While the dread tempest passes by:
 God sees his Well-beloved's face,
 And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
 The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
 To Him, though guilty, still we run,
 And God still spares us for his Son.

ADDRESS TO CONTEMPLATION.

THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee. Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony, that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, oh! I was not made for money getting;
For me no much respected plum awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied. For as still
I tried to cast with school dexterity
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd, and the pen
Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictured,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other; scatter'd o'er the globe,
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With ev'ry wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction; yea, amid
The busy bustling crowds could meditate,
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth,
I woo'd thy heav'nly influence! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn:
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.

My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic,
 And soon the marks of care were worn away,
 While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
 Yielding to all the fancies of the hour.
 But it has now assumed its character;
 Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
 Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
 Yet still, O Contemplation! I do love
 To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
 With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
 In thee alone delighting.

John Wilson.

{ Born 1785.
 { Died 1854.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY in the University of Edinburgh, was born on 18th May, 1785, at Paisley, where his father was a manufacturer. At thirteen he was sent to Glasgow University, and from thence transferred to Oxford, where he won the Newdegate Prize for English verse. On leaving the University he bought a beautiful place on the banks of Windermere, where he spent four years in the enjoyment of the society of the "Lake poets." In 1812 was published the "Isle of Palms;" and in 1816, "The City of the Plague," which established his reputation as a poet. It was in prose, however, that he won his highest laurels; and in "Blackwood's Magazine," as "Christopher North," he wrote a succession of articles which filled the public with wonder and delight. In 1820, Wilson was appointed to the Moral Philosophy chair in Edinburgh, which he held till 1851, when he resigned in consequence of bad health. About the same time he received a pension from the Crown of £300 a-year. He died at Edinburgh, 3d April, 1854.

THE SHIPWRECK.

(From the "Isle of Palms.")

BUT list! a low and moaning sound
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
 And now it reigns above, around,
 As if it called the ship along.
 The moon is sunk; and a clouded grey
 Declares that her course is run,
 And like a god who brings the day,
 Up mounts the glorious sun.
 Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
 From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze;
 And that is the spirit whose well-known song
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
 No fears hath she; her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,

Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast;—
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened like the skies,
And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral-rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death?
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!

That light of gleaming soul appears
 To play from thoughts above thy years.
 Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
 And who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
 What brighter throne can brightness find
 To reign on than an infant's mind,
 Ere sin destroy or error dim
 The glory of the seraphim!

William Tennant.

{ Born 1785.
 { Died 1848.

WAS born at East Anstruther, in Fife, in 1785. In 1812 he published "Anster Fair," in his own little village. It was some time before the poem became known to the literary world, but in 1814 a favourable notice appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," which brought it into notice. Although much of it is coarse, there are many pieces of considerable beauty. He published some other pieces of little note. Tennant, by great industry, had acquired a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, Arabic, Syriac, and Persian; and after being for some time classical teacher in Dollar Academy, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrews. He died in 1848.

FROM "ANSTER FAIR."

HER form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
 That capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
 Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
 New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams—
 The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
 And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
 So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
 And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trembling palfrey took,
 Shaked her majestic person into grace,
 And as at times his glossy sides she strook
 Endearingly with whip's green silken lace—
 The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
 Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
 By Jove, the very waving of her arm
 Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
 The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!

Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
 With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
 For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
 Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
 And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
 The blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the
 Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
 Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
 And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
 A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling!
 The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
 The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
 And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
 And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
 A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
 What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
 Got dignity and honour from the glance;
 Woe to the man on whom she unaware
 Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
 'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
 May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

Mrs. Southey.

{ Born 1787.
 { Died 1854.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES was the only child of Captain Bowles of Buckland, near Lymington, Hants. She was born in 1787. Having while very young lost both her parents, she spent much of her early life in retirement. For many years she contributed to the magazines poems which were greatly admired. In 1820 she published "Ellen FitzArthur," a poem, and her name as the author was then given to the world. The "Widow's Tale," "Solitary Hours," "Chapters on Churchyards," &c., followed, and obtained for the author a high place among the roll of poetesses. In 1839 she married Robert Southey the poet, with whom she had for many years been intimate, evidently to cheer and take care of him in his declining years. From the state of Southey's mind soon after, this task was one of great difficulty, and required the utmost self-sacrifice. On his death, Mrs. Southey was left nearly destitute, which, in her then state of health, was very trying; but she was relieved from this distress by a pension from Government of £200 a-year. Her last volume of poetry was published in 1847. She died in 1854.

MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!

Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail there;
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman!
What of the night?”
“Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all’s right.”
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour’s near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land.
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

Lord Byron.

{ Born 1788.
Died 1824.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was by the father's side English, and by the mother's side Scotch; he was born in London, on the 22d January, 1788. When he was two years old his parents removed to Aberdeen for economy's sake, and in due time placed Byron at a day-school there, where he remained till he was ten years old. In 1798, by the death of a grand-uncle, Byron became heir to an English peerage, and removed with his mother to the family seat of Newstead Abbey. Two years after he was sent to Harrow, where he remained till 1805. On leaving Harrow he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and here his muse began to plume her wings. His pieces were at first handed about in MS., and at last, in 1807, was published "The Hours of Idleness." Fortunately for the world, the "Edinburgh Review" made a fierce and undeserved onslaught on the noble author. Till that moment Byron was unconscious of his powers; but the critique stung him to the quick, and he resolved on revenge. Before the year was out, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" burst upon the literary world, a satire as scathing as he himself could desire. While his name was thus filling the public ear, he took his seat in the House of Lords, and shortly after sailed for the Mediterranean. On his return to England in 1812, he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," the first fruits of his wanderings. The result was, as he himself expresses it, "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." A series of Eastern tales followed—"The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," and "Lara." Byron was now the idol of the gay circles of London. Apparently at last satiated with its enjoyment, he, without any real attachment, proposed to Miss Milbanke, a northern heiress, and was accepted. The marriage was an unhappy one, and in a year after Lady Byron sought a refuge in her father's house from her troubles, carrying with her their only child, Ada, afterwards Countess of Lovelace. Byron never saw them again. Embarrassed with debt, reckless, and yet conscious of his high powers, Byron again set out for the continent, never again to set foot on his native land. Some of his finest pieces were written during this period—"The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," the remaining cantos of "Childe Harold," &c. In 1821 the Greek war of Independence broke out. Byron's heart sympathised deeply in their struggle for freedom, and the world saw with joy the poet forsake his life of indolent vice, and join in a noble struggle. He landed in Greece in 1823, and showed much judgment amid the disorder in the patriot army; but the hardships of the camp were soon too much for his frame, weakened as it was by long habits of vice, and a wetting he got while out riding brought on an attack of fever, under which he died at Missolonghi, on 19th April, 1824.

CHILLON.

AND then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
18*

And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

THE DREAM.

I SAW two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape and the wave
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
 Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs:—the hill
 Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array so fix'd,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful;
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him; he had look'd

Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words. She was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects:—He had ceased
To live within himself: she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share;
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed,
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

FROM "MANFRED."

Manfred. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth!
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye,
And, thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath,
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance: when a leap,

A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
 My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
 To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
 I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
 I see the peril—yet do not recede;
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
 There is a power upon me which withholds,
 And makes it my fatality to live;
 If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself—
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
 Thou wingèd and cloud-cleaving minister, (*An eagle passes*)
 Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
 How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its action and itself!
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will,
 Till our mortality predominates.
 And men are—what they name not to themselves
 And trust not to each other.

Oh, that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

“ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;

Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My Native Land—Good Night!

“A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows’ rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.”

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look’d love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No! ’twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o’er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before;
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell—
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips —“The foe! They come!
 they come!”

THE CATHEDRAL.

BUT thou, of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He

Forsook His former city, what could be,
 Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now,
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
 Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
 All musical in its immensities;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their fame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

SOLITUDE.

OH! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!
 Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
 Accord me such a being! Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
 And arm'd with Kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing:
 So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

The Desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

FROM "MAZEPPA."

" 'BRING forth the horse!'—the horse was brought,
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong:
They loosed him with a sudden lash—

Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

“Away!—away!—my breath was gone—
 I saw not where he hurried on:
 ’Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foam’d—away!—away!—
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout:
 With sudden wrath I wrench’d my head,
 And snapp’d the cord, which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And writhing half my form about,
 Howl’d back my curse; but ’midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser’s speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
 It vexes me—for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.”

Thomas Pringle.

{ Born 1788
 { Died 1834.

WAS born at Blaiklaw in Roxburghshire, in 1788. He received a good education, and after leaving the University he was appointed a clerk in the Register Office, Edinburgh, and his literary tastes had to be developed during his leisure hours. He became a contributor to, and afterwards editor of, “Blackwood’s Magazine.” Pringle afterwards emigrated to the Cape, where he remained some years, but ultimately returned to England. His poetical works are “Scenes of Teviotdale,” “Ephemerides,” and “African Sketches.” He died in 1834.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
 When the sorrows of life the soul o’ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
 And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
 Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood’s noon—
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
 Companions of early days lost or left—

And my Native Land! whose magical name
 Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
 When the feelings were young and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
 All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone:
 And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
 My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
 Aweary of all that is under the sun;
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
 And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
 And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride!

Rev. John Keble.

{ Born 1789.
 { Died 1866.

A CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, and author of the "Christian Year" and "Lyra Innocentium." The following beautiful piece is founded on Proverbs xiv. 10.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
 Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die.
 Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
 Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
 Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart.
 Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
 Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
 Alone our secret throbbings: so our prayer

May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love,
Weak mortals, all entranced, on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above.

William Thom.

{ Born 1789.
{ Died 1848.

A NATIVE of Inverury, in Aberdeenshire, and author of some touching poetry. His occupation was that of a weaver. After publishing in the newspapers various pieces which attracted some notice, he issued in 1844 "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver," which were well received. But distress and penury hastened his end: he died at Dundee in 1848.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By auntie, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the pair doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches a' reckless and stern;
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in Heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour c' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the ~~ha~~ for the mitherless bairn?

Bryan Walter Proctor. { Born 1790.
Died 1874.

WRITING under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall, was born about the year 1790. He studied for the law, and was called to the bar in 1831. His first publication was "Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems," published in 1819, which established his reputation as a poet. His other publications are numerous, and he is especially admired for his English songs, which have become great favourites. Proctor is also a prose writer of some eminence. He was for many years one of the Commissioners of Lunacy, a valuable appointment, but which he resigned in 1860.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

O THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea!
 Thou vast symbol of a drear immensity!
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth hath naught of this: no chance or change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their wonted home;
 And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
 Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
 And lovely in repose; thy summer form
 Is beautiful; and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

{ Born 1790.
Died 1846.

BORN at Norwich, 1st October, 1790. Her father was a clergyman of the English Church. She was married when young to Mr. George Phelan. After his death in 1837, she married Mr. Tonna. She is best known by her religious prose writings, which are chiefly for the young.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

SOLDIER go—but not to claim
 Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure;
 Not to build a vaunting name,
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
 Dream not that the way is smooth,
 Hope not that the thorns are roses:
 Turn no wishful eye of youth
 Where the sunny beam reposes:—
 Thou hast sterner work to do,
 Hosts to cut thy passage through:
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
 Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier rest!—but not for thee
 Spreads the world her downy pillow;
 On the rock thy couch must be,
 While around thee chafes the billow:
 Thine must be a watchful sleep,
 Wearier than another's waking;
 Such a charge as thou dost keep
 Brooks no moment of forsaking.
 Sleep as on the battle-field,
 Girded—grasping sword and shield.
 Those thou canst not name nor number
 Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier rise!—the war is done,
 Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
 'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
 Jesus vanquish'd them by dying.
 Pass the stream—before thee lies
 All the conquer'd land of glory;
 Hark what songs of rapture rise,
 These proclaim the victor's story.
 Soldier, lay thy weapon down;
 Quit the Cross and take the Crown:
 Triumph! all thy foes are banish'd,
 Death is slain and Earth has vanish'd.

David Vedder.

{ Born 1790.
Died 1854.

BORN in Orkney in 1790. He contributed largely poetical pieces to the periodicals. In 1832 he published "Orcadian Sketches," and in 1840 he issued a collected edition of his poems. He died at Edinburgh in 1854.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

TALK not of temples—there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmured praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All nature worships there!

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The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine
In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All nature worships there!

THE VOICE OF TIME.

THE World, with all the joys it hath,
Is an illusive show;
And Life is a slippery mountain-path,
With a yawning gulf below:—
Whilst some dread power invisible
Impels us onward,—onward still!

Yet we would all our steps retrace,
Or linger by the way;
Deem arid wastes like a paradise,
Could we *here* prolong our stay:
But the dread power invisible
Impels us onward,—onward still!

A thousand wild conflicting schemes
Impair our happiness;
Fame's fleeting breath,—ambition's dreams,
Our fevered spirits oppress:—
Yet we would gladly bear them all,—
But, "onward!—onward!"—is the call.

We pluck the flowerets from the lea,—
The hues celestial fade;
We shake the goodly spreading tree,—
But we find the fruit decayed:—
The limpid brook, and the crystal rill,
Taste bitter!—onward! onward still!

We turn, and gaze from day to day
On the blooming scenes we have past;
And we shudder to see them swept away
By the desolating blast:—
Yet visions of bliss our souls will thrill,
Till the voice cries,—“onward! onward still!”

The gold of the earth, in *one* pyramid,
May not buy an hour's delay;
All the precious pearls in the ocean hid
Cannot bribe the tyrant away:—
Tho' our souls are sick, and our blood runs chill,—
’Tis “onward! onward! onward!” still.

Charles Wolfe.

{ Born 1791.
Died 1823.

WAS born in Dublin, in 1791. After leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and was first curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, which he afterwards exchanged for Donoughmore. He began writing verses while at the University, and in 1817 he wrote his ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which has obtained for him one of the highest positions as a poetical writer. Wolfe died in 1823.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

SONG.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,]
And never can restore!

Henry Hart Milman.

{ Born 1791.
Died 1868.

DEAN of St. Paul's, was born at London, 10th February, 1791. His father was Sir. F. Milman, physician to George III. Besides poetry, of which he published several volumes, he was also a prose writer of considerable power.

HYMN OF THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

GOD of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
 The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
 Father of mercies! at one word of thine
 An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness;
 And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
 And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
 And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
 And pillared temples rise Thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land Thy thunders broke, O Lord!
 The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
 Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
 Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
 And heaps her ivory palaces became,
 Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
 Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
 For thou didst ride the tempest-cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land Thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
 And the sad city lift her crownless head;
 And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
 Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
 The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
 On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
 To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
 And angel-feet the glittering Sion tread.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead Thy children home;
 He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
 Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
 And Caanan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
 And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare;
 And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
 Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full blazed the
 irradiate dome.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. { Born 1792.
 { Drowned 1822.

THIS great but erring genius was the eldest son of a wealthy English baronet, and was born at Field Place, in Sussex, on 4th August, 1792. From his earliest years he seems to have entertained opinions subversive of all authority, human and divine. At Eton and Oxford he got into difficulties with the authorities, and at Oxford openly avowed himself an atheist. Shelley began verse-writing in his fifteenth year, but it was not till his eighteenth year that he appeared

before the public in his atheistic poem of "Queen Mab." His other pieces, "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," &c., are all tinged with the same ideas. In 1818 Shelley visited Italy, where he renewed his acquaintance with Byron. He took up his abode on the Gulf of Lerici. He was drowned on 8th July, 1822, in a storm in the Bay of Spezzia. A fortnight after his remains were found, and, agreeably to a formerly expressed desire, his body was burnt, and the ashes conveyed to Rome, where they were buried in the Protestant burying-ground, near the pyramid of Caius Cestus.

A CALM WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow—
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam—yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace,—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

THE PINE FOREST BY THE SEA.

WE wander'd to the Pine Forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whisp'ring waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seem'd as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise!

We paused amid the pines that stood
 The giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
 As serpents interlaced,—
 And soothed by every azure breath
 That under heaven is blown,
 To harmonies and hues beneath.
 As tender as its own:
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
 Like green waves on the sea;
 As still as is the silent deep
 The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was! the silence there
 By such a chain was bound,
 That even the busy woodpecker
 Made stiller by her sound
 The inviolable quietness;
 The breath of peace we drew,
 With its soft motion made not less
 The calm that round us grew.
 There seem'd from the remotest seat
 Of the wide mountain waste,
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,
 A magic circle traced.
 A spirit interfused around,
 A thrilling silent life;
 To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife;
 And still I felt the centre of
 The magic circle there,
 Was one fair form that fill'd with love
 The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough;
 Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
 Gulf'd in a world below;
 A firmament of purple light
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And purer than the day—
 In which the lovely forests grew,
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
 And through the dark green woods
 The white sun, twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud.
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love
 Of that fair forest green:
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath,
 A softer day below.

John Clare.

{ Born 1793.
 { Died 1864.

AN uneducated English poet, born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, in 1793. His parents were in the meanest circumstances, and he only obtained some education by his extra work on the farm, and by the benevolence of an exciseman, who gave him lessons. In 1820 he published a volume of poems, which created some attention; and a number of noblemen and gentlemen became interested in the career of the young poet. In 1821 he published another volume of poems. His affairs shortly after became embarrassed, and amid the wreck of his fortunes his mind gave way, and he was placed in a private asylum, where he died in 1864.

DAWNINGS OF GENIUS.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
 The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
 That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
 While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
 Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
 The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
 Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
 The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
 And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
 He'll pause and pick his shapèd stone and shell:
 Raptures the while inward powers inflame,
 And joys delight him which he cannot name;
 Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
 For which his language can no utterance find;
 Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
 Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
 So while the present please, the past decay,
 And in each other, losing, melt away.

Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
 He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;
 And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
 And dwells on something which he can't explain.
 The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed
 Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
 Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
 And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
 So have I marked the dying ember's light,
 When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
 With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
 And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
 Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
 Till faint and fainting, the last twinkle dies.

Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
 Its painful, pleasing feelings to impart;
 Till by successful sallies wearied quite,
 The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight:
 The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
 Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

William M'Comb.

{ Born 1793.
 { Died 1873.

A NATIVE of Coleraine, born 17th August, 1793. At the early age of thirteen he left school, and was put to business. After holding different situations for some years, he began business as a bookseller in Belfast, and for many years was the leading bookseller there. In 1817, Mr. M'Comb published his first volume of poetry, "The Dirge of O'Neill." This was followed by "The School of the Sabbath," in 1822. During many succeeding years, his muse produced only occasional pieces, many of which, however, had a wide circulation. In 1849 was published as the fruit of his matured mind, "The Voice of a Year, and other Poems." Fugitive pieces connected with passing events appeared from time to time till his death in September, 1873.

"THE STILL SMALL VOICE."

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

He cometh, he cometh! the Lord passeth by;
 The mountains are rending, the tempest is high;
 The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are o'ercast;
 But the Lord of the Prophet is not in the blast.

He cometh, He cometh! the Lord he is near;
 The earth it is reeling, all nature's in fear;
 The earthquake's approaching, with terrible form;
 But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the storm.

He cometh, He cometh! the Lord is in ire;
 The smoke is ascending, the mount is on fire;
 O say, is Jehovah revealing his name!
 He is near, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

He cometh, He cometh! the tempest is o'er;
 He is come, neither tempest nor storm shall be more;
 All nature reposes—earth, ocean, and sky,
 Are still as the voice that descends from on high.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
 When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease—
 When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
 "Come hither, ye laden—ye weary, draw near!"

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
 There's a home for the homeless prepared in the skies;
 There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
 That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

O had I the wings of a dove I would fly,
 And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky,
 Where the still and small breathing to earth that was
 given
 Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven.

Mrs. Hemans.

{ Born 1793.
 { Died 1834.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born at Liverpool, 25th September, 1793, of respectable parents, who afterwards removed to St. Asaph, in Wales. So early as the age of fifteen, she published a volume of poetry; and two years later, "The Domestic Affections, and other Poems." This volume brought her into immediate notice. The same year she married Captain Hemans. The marriage seems not to have been a very happy one, for, after the birth of five children, her husband set out on a visit to Italy, and they never met again. In 1819 she published "Sir William Wallace," a poem; and from this time till her death, a constant series of her works issued from the press. It is said of her, "that few have written so much and so well as she." About the year 1830, she removed to Dublin, where she superintended the education of her five boys, and where she died on 26th April, 1834.

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

THE wine month shone in its golden prime,
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound through the Switzers' clime
 Than the vintage music rung—

A sound through vaulted cave,
A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers and lances tall,
Moved onwards in princely state.
They came with heavy chains
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains,
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rang the while.
But on the misty height
Where the mountain people stood
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness as of deep dead night,
And a pause—but not of fear—
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound these columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they looked not to the misty height
Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown,
Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came like lauwine hurled
From Alp to Alp in play.
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake
From the reapers of the field!
The field—but not of sheaves:
Proud crests and pennons lay,
Strewn o'er it thick as the birchwood leaves
In the autumn tempest's way.

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

ROME, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou had'st thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore
As gods were seen—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise;
What hast thou left thee now?—
Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
With coloured light.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim
Thy wrecks among.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien,
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep:
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth!
Alas, for love! if thou wert all
And nought beyond, O earth!

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea!
For ever and the same;
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
 Through many an olden clime,
 Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
 Until the close of time.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
 The sunset's heaven of gold;
 And the still midnight hears the sound,
 Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
 Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speakest of One who doth not change—
 So may our hearts repose.

John Keats.

{ Born 1795.
 { Died 1820.

WAS born in London, where his father kept a livery stable, October 29, 1795. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to a surgeon. He rather neglected his profession for literary pursuits; and in 1817 he published, under the auspices of Leigh Hunt, a volume of poems. In 1818 he issued another piece, "Endymion," a poetical romance. It was criticised rather severely in the "Quarterly Review," and the effects were felt deeply throughout the rest of his short life. He profited, however, by the hints given him, and produced "Hyperion," a work every way superior to anything he had yet written, and of which Byron spoke with rapture. "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, &c.," was issued in 1820, and added yet to his fame. But hereditary consumption had become developed in his system, and he was advised to try the soft breezes of Italy, where he arrived in November, 1820. He lingered on without hope or even desire of amendment, and died on 27th December of the same year. He was buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Rome, near the monument of Caius Cestus.

FROM "HYPERION."

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale,
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who, with a kindred hand,
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its storèd thunder, labouring up.

AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd; and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers,
 And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozyngs hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn,
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourne;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
 The red-breast whistles from a garden croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

William and Mary Howitt. { William, born 1795.
 { Mary, born 1803.

MEMBERS of the Society of Friends. In 1823 William Howitt married Miss Mary Botham, and the same year they published a poem, "The Forest Minstrel," as their joint production. It was favourably received, and since then both have been extensive contributors to poetical and prose literature.

FROM "THE FOREST MINSTREL."

AWAY with the pleasure that is not partaken!
 There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
 I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
 On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.
 When we sit by the fire that so cheerily blazes
 On our cozy hearthstone, with its innocent glee,
 Oh! my soul warms, while my eye fondly gazes,
 To see my delight is partaken by thee!

And when, as how often, I eagerly listen
 To stories thou read'st of the dear olden day,
 How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,
 And feel that affection has sweetened the lay.

Yes, love—and when wandering at even or morning,
 Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming white,
 I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning,
 Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

And how often in crowds, where a whisper offendeth,
 And we fain would express what there might not be
 said,

How dear is the glance that none else comprehendeth,
 And how sweet is the thought that is secretly read.

Then away with the pleasure that is not partaken!

There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:

I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
 On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.

Thomas Noon Talfourd. { Born 1795.
 Died 1854.

JUDGE TALFOURD was born at Reading in 1795, his father being a brewer there. Talfourd studied for the law, and was called to the bar in 1821. In 1835 he published his tragedy of "Ion," which was very successful. Other works followed, both in poetry and prose. In 1849 he was raised to the Bench; and in 1854, while delivering a charge to the grand jury at Stafford, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and died before assistance could be procured.

FROM "ION."

ION, our sometime darling, whom we prized
 As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
 From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
 To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
 To grapple with the miseries of this time,
 Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
 As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
 By no internal contest is he trained
 For such hard duty; no emotions rude
 Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
 Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
 Expanding with its progress, as the store
 Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
 Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
 To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
 Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
 When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
 Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
 If, in the earnestness of childish sports,

Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
 As if it feared to break its being's law,
 And faltered into music; when the forms
 Of guilty passion have been made to live
 In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
 In righteous indignation, he hath heard
 With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
 Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
 Struck sunlight o'er it; so his life hath flowed
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them.

Hartley Coleridge.

{ Born 1791
 { Died 1841

ELDEST son of the great poet of this name, was born at Clevedon, near Bristol. In childhood he manifested unusual talents, and at Oxford gained high distinctions, but unfortunately he at the same time acquired intemperate habits, which caused the forfeiture of his fellowship, and blighted his after prospects. Hartley was a well-intentioned man, but infirmity of purpose characterised all his future exertions, and though a successful prose writer and poet, he never attained the eminent position in society to which his genius would have entitled him.

ADDRESS TO GOLD FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light
 Quivering on your lucid wings,
 Cheating still the curious sight
 With a thousand shadowings;
 Various as the tints of even,
 Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
 Reflected on your native streams
 In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams:
 Harmless warriors, clad in mail
 Of silver breastplate, golden scale;—
 Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
 With peaceful radiance mildly glowing—
 Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
 Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
 Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
 Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
 Were ye born of vital fire?
 Or of the shade of golden flowers,
 Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers
 To mock this murky clime of ours?
 Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
 Weaving many a mazy dance;
 Seeming still to grow in size
 When ye would elude our eyes—
 Pretty creatures! we might deem
 Ye were happy as ye seem—
 As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
 As light, as loving, and as lithe,
 As gladly earnest in your play,
 As when ye gleamed in far Cathay;
 And yet, since on this hapless earth
 There's small sincerity in mirth,
 And laughter oft is but an art
 To drown the outcry of the heart;
 It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
 Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
 Your restless roving round and round
 The circuit of your crystal bound—
 Is but the task of weary pain,
 An endless labour, dull and vain;
 And while your forms are gaily shining,
 Your little lives are inly pining!
 Nay—but still I fain would dream
 That ye are happy as ye seem.

Thomas Haynes Bayly. { Born 1797
 Died 1839.

ONE of the most successful of our song writers, was born 13th October, 1797, at Bath. His father was a wealthy solicitor in Bath, and destined his son for the Church, but the early development of Bayly's poetical powers led to his neglect of study, and he abandoned all idea of it. In 1826 he married Miss Hayes, an Irish lady, and an income settled on him by his father, with the lady's fortune, enabled them to live in affluence. His songs and plays, and contributions to literature, also brought him considerable sums. "The Soldier's Tear," "I'd be a Butterfly," "Oh! no, we never mention her," &c., enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. He died in 1839.

WE MET.

WE met—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would
 shun me;
 He came—I could not breathe, for his eye was upon me;

He spoke—his words were cold, and his smile was un-
alter'd;

I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice fal-
ter'd.

I wore my bridal robe, and I rivall'd its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair, how I hated their bright-
ness;

He called me by my name, as the bride of another—
Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!

And once again me met, and a fair girl was near him:
He smiled, and whispered low—as I once used to hear him
She leant upon his arm—once 'twas mine, and mine only—
I wept, for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.
And she will be his bride! at the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother;
Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!

THE MISLETOE BOUGH.

THE misletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seem'd to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now;" she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
"And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
"The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh where dost thou hide?
"I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night! and they sought her next
day!

And they sought her in vain when a week pass'd away!
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.

And years flew by, and their grief at last
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
 And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
 "See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
 And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
 In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
 Oh! sad was her fate!—in sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
 It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,
 The bride lay clasp'd in her living tomb!

William Motherwell. { Born 1797.
 Died 1835.

Was born at Glasgow, and when yet young was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk in Paisley. In 1819 he connected himself with a magazine, and contributed some pieces of poetry to it. In 1827, as the fruit of seven years' labour, he published a collection of "Scottish Ballads," ancient and modern. He became after this successively the editor of the "Paisley Magazine," "Paisley Advertiser," and "Glasgow Courier;" in the editorship of the latter newspaper he continued till his death. In 1832 he published a collected edition of his own poems. He was busy obtaining materials for a *Life of Tannahill*, when he was cut off by apoplexy in 1835.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The love of life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygane years
 Still fling their shadows owre my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears!
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we loved ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time!—sad time!—twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down owre ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays—
The schule then skaled at noon—
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

The throssil whistled in the wood,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe aboon the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

Herbert Knowles.

{ Born 1798.
Died 1817

A NATIVE of Canterbury, whose early promise was cut short by death in his nineteenth year. The following stanzas were published in the "Quarterly Review," and soon obtained a wide circulation.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—
MATT. xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the
skies.

Robert Gilfillan.

{ Born 1798.
Died 1850.

(A NATIVE of Dunfermline, he was for some time a clerk in Leith, and subsequently collector of poor-rates there.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail o' slavery;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

James Hislop.

{ Born 1798.
 { Died 1827.

BORN in Kirkconnel, near Sanquhar, in July, 1798. In early life he was occupied as a shepherd in the neighbourhood of Airmoss, interesting for its Covenanting associations. Here, at the grave of one of the Covenanters, he composed "The Cameronian's Dream." He is also the author of several other beautiful poems. Hislop afterwards became a teacher, and, through the influence of Lord Jeffrey, he was appointed schoolmaster in a man-of-war. He died of fever at St. Jago, 4th December, 1827.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

IN a dream of the night I was wafted away,
 To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
 Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
 Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
 When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
 When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
 All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
 Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew,
 Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain
 flowers blue.

And far up in heaven near the white sunny cloud,
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
 And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
 Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and
 gladness,
 The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
 Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
 And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
 Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
 Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
 For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-
 morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were
 lying,
 Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was
 crying,

For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hover'd,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty
covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was un-
breathed;

With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were
shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and un-
bending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were
falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was
ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark clouds descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are
riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

Thomas Hood.

{ Born 1798.
 { Died 1845.

THIS poet, humorist, and accomplished writer, was born in London, his father being a bookseller there. Hood was sent to a merchant's office early in life, but his health failing, he was sent to Dundee to recruit, and on his return to London was apprenticed to an engraver, under whom he learned much of the art which was useful to him in his after career. In 1821 he adopted literature as a profession, and was appointed to the editorship of the London Magazine, which he held till its discontinuance. Hood was a busy writer, and enlivened the weeklies and monthlies with his wit and humour. He is the author of several volumes of poetry and prose; but the piece by which he is best known is "The Song of the Shirt," which first appeared in "Punch." It struck home to the sympathies of man's nature, and aroused the feelings of a benevolent public in favour of the poor seamstress. After a long and wasting illness, Hood died 8d May, 1845.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work!
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave,
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work!
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
 O men, with mothers and wives,

It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
 (Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
 Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
 (Where *did* he learn that squint?)●

David Macbeth Moir. { Born 1798.
 { Died 1851.

THE well known Delta (Δ) of "Blackwood's Magazine" was born at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, in 1798. He passed through the University with credit, and commenced practice as a surgeon in his native town, where he continued till his death. At the age of nineteen he sent his first verses to the press, and for thirty years he continued to enrich "Blackwood" with a series of poems, remarkable for their depth and purity of feeling. In the same magazine was first published "Mansie Wauch," a prose embodiment of Scottish character of the richest humour. He died in 1851.

FROM "THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS."

A VISION.

ONCE on a time, when all was still,
When midnight mantled vale and hill,
And over earth the stars were keeping
Their lustrous watch, it has been said,
A poet on his couch lay sleeping,
As pass'd a vision through his head:
It may be rash—it can't be wrong
To pencil what he saw in song;
And if we go not far amiss,
'Twas this—or something like to this.

Firstly, through parting mists, his eye
The snowy mountain-peaks explored,
Where, in the dazzling gulfs of sky,
The daring eagle wheeled and soared;
And, as subsiding lower, they
Owned the bright empire of the day,
Softly arrayed in living green,
The summits of the hills were seen,
On which the orient radiance played,
Girt with their garlands of broad trees,
Whose foliage twinkled in the breeze,
And formed a lattice-work of shade:
And darker still, and deeper still,
As widened out each shelving hill,
Dispersing placidly they showed,
The destined plains for man's abode—
Meadow, and mount, and champaign wide;
And sempiternal forests, where
Wild beasts and birds find food and lair;
And verdant copse by river side,
Which threading these—a silver line—
Was seen afar to wind and shine
Down to the mighty sea that wound
Islands and continents around,
And, like a snake of monstrous birth,
In its grim folds encircled earth!
Then wider as awoke the day,
Was seen a speck—a tiny wing
That, from the sward, drifting away,
Rose up at heaven's gate, to sing

A matin hymn melodious: Hark!
 That orison!—it was the lark,
 Hailing the advent of the sun,
 Forth like a racer come to run
 His fiery course; in brilliant day
 The vapours vanishing away,
 Had left to his long march a clear
 Cloud-unencumbered atmosphere;
 And glowed, as on a map unfurled,
 The panorama of the world.

Fair was the landscape—very fair—
 Yet something still was wanting there;
 Something, as 'twere, to lend the whole
 Material world a type of soul.
 The dreamer wist not what might be
 The thing a-lacking; but while he
 Pondered in heart the matter over,
 Floating between him and the ray
 Of the now warm refulgent day,
 What is it that his eyes discover?
 As through the fields of air it flew,
 Larger it loomed, and fairer grew
 That form of beauty and of grace,
 Which bore of grosser worlds no trace,
 Until, as Earth's green plains it neared,
 Confest, an Angel's self appeared.

Eye could not gaze on shape so bright,
 Which from its atmosphere of light,
 And love, and beauty, shed around,
 From every winnow of her wings,
 Upon the fainting air perfumes,
 Sweeter than Thought's imaginings;
 And at each silent bend of grace,
 The dreamer's ruptured eye could trace,
 (Far richer than the peacock's plumes,)
 A rainbow shadow on the ground,
 As if from out elysium's bowers,
 From brightest gold to deepest blue,
 Blossoms of every form and hue
 Had fallen to earth in radiant showers.

Vainly would human words convey
 Spiritual music, or portray
 Seraphic loveliness—the grace
 Flowing like glory from that face,—

Which, as 'twas said of Una's, made
 Where'er the sinless virgin strayed,
 A sunshine in the shady place:
 The snow-drop was her brow; the rose
 Her cheek; her clear full gentle eye
 The violet in its deepest dye;
 The lily of the Nile her nose;
 Before the crimson of her lips
 Carnations waned in dim eclipse;
 And downwards o'er her shoulders white
 As the white rose in fullest blow,
 Her floating tresses took delight
 To curl in hyacinthine flow:
 Her vesture seemed as from the blooms
 Of all the circling seasons wove,
 With magic warp in fairy looms,
 And tissued with the woof of love.

Robert Pollok.

{ Born 1799.
 { Died 1827.

THE distinguished poet was born at Muirhouse, in Renfrewshire, where his father was a farmer. He studied at the University of Glasgow, and was educated for the ministry in the (Presbyterian) United Secession Church. Previous to being licenced he had finished his "Course of Time," a poem so ambitious for a young student, that he had difficulty in obtaining a publisher. Through the influence of Professor Wilson it was at length published in Edinburgh, and speedily obtained an extensive circulation. Pollok is also the author of some prose tales on the Covenanters, which have had a considerable sale. But health had been undermined by excessive study. He undertook a journey to Italy in the hope of re-establishing it; but it was too late, the disease was too far advanced, and he returned only to die at Southampton on 15th September, 1827.

FRIENDSHIP.

Not unremembered is the hour when friends
 Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear,
 Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
 Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
 So much desired and coveted by all.
 Nor wonder those—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
 Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
 Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
 In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
 Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,
 Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.

Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
 My early friends, friends of my evil day,
 Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
 Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
 My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
 My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
 Companions of my young desires; in doubt
 My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
 O, I remember, and will ne'er forget,
 Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
 Our burning words that uttered all the soul,
 Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
 Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
 Exulting, heart embracing, heart entire.
 As birds of social feather helping each
 His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
 And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and Earth,
 With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
 And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven!

 BYRON.

THERE was another, large of understanding,
 Of memory infinite, of judgment deep,
 Who knew all learning, and all science knew;
 And all phenomena in heaven and earth
 Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
 Of thought, association, passion, will;
 And all the subtile, nice affinities
 Of matter traced; its virtues, motions, laws;
 And most familiarly and deeply talked
 Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
 Leaving the earth, at will he soared to heaven,
 And read the glorious visions of the skies;
 And to the music of the rolling spheres
 Intelligently listened; and gazed far back
 Into the awful depths of Deity;
 Did all that mind assisted most could do:
 And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
 Because he wanted holiness of heart.

A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,
 And nearer cut the branches of their pride:
 That not in mental, but in moral worth,
 God excellence placed, and only to the good,
 To virtue, granted happiness alone.

Alaric Alexander Watts. { Born 1797.
Died 1864.

BORN in London, 19th March, 1797. He was for some time a tutor in a family in Manchester, and during his residence there he published, in 1822, "Poetic Sketches." In the same year he became editor of a Leeds paper, and afterwards a busy labourer in the literary field. In 1850 he published his most perfect poems, "Lyrics of the Heart." In 1853 he was presented by Government with a pension of £100 a year, which he enjoyed till his death, 5th April, 1864.

TEN YEARS AGO.

I too am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus: I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
When all around me seemed so fair.
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endeared by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!

Has Fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Lord Macaulay.

{Born 1800.
Died 1859.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, on 25th October, 1800. His father was Zachary Macaulay, son of a Scotch minister, from the Isle of Lewis. Thomas was educated at Cambridge, where he gained two medals for prize poems. In 1825 appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" his article on Milton, which attracted universal notice; it was the first of that long series of brilliant papers which were the earlier basis of his fame. He studied for the English bar, into which he was admitted in 1826. In 1830 Macaulay was returned as Whig member for Calne, and was a prominent supporter of Reform. In 1834 he went to India as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. Returning to England with a fortune, he re-entered political life as Secretary at War in 1839. In 1840, he was returned as M.P. for the city of Edinburgh, which he represented till 1847, when he lost his election. He declined to re-enter Parliament for any other place, and devoted his leisure to the composition of the well-known "Lays of Ancient Rome," published in 1842, and of the "History of England," which met with a reception equal to Gibbon's immortal work. Honours were heaped upon him. He was elected rector of Glasgow University in 1849. In 1850 he was appointed Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy. In 1852 he was re-elected M.P. for the city of Edinburgh without canvass of any kind. In 1853 he received the Prussian Order of Merit; and in 1857 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Macaulay of Rothley. His health seems to have been injured by the confinement attending his literary labours, and he died on 20th December, 1859.

FROM "THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME."

THEN out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate;
 'To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods;

 'And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast;
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame?

 'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.

In yon straight path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee.'
 And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he:
 'I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
 'As thou say'st, so let it be.'
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state;
 Then the great men helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great;
 Then lands were fairly portioned;
 Then spoils were fairly sold;
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the tribunes beard the high
 And the fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold:
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon. { Born 1802.
 Died 1838.

THIS accomplished lady, best known by her literary signature of L. E. L., was born at Chelsea in 1802. Her father was in comfortable circumstances. At a very early age she contributed to the Magazines and Annuals; and so great was her reputation, that rival publishers vied with each other to secure her productions. She was also the author of several prose fictions. In June, 1838, she married

George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, and shortly afterwards proceeded there with him. She resumed her literary labours; but, it is supposed by an overdose of a powerful medicine, taken for relief of spasms in the stomach, she was found dead in her room, October 16, 1838.

THE POLE STAR.

A STAR has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes,
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too:
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

Thomas Aird.

{ Born 1802.
Died 1876.

BORN at Bowden, in Roxburghshire, 28th August, 1802. He received a university education. In 1835 he was appointed editor of the "Dumfries Herald," which was for years under his able management. His works evince a considerable amount of poetical talent.

THE SWALLOW.

THE swallow, bonnie birdie, comes sharp twittering o'er
the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be;
She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet, no faith-
less thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with wearied little
wing.

The lambs like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills;
Light winds are in the leafy woods, and birds, and bub-
bling rills,
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice
heard,
Because thou com'st when Nature bids bright days be
thy reward!

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for
honey-dew;
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and
you;
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee
home:
What can molest thy airy nest? sleep till the day-spring
come!

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee
sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dip-
ping wing.
The thunder-cloud, over us bowed, in deeper gloom is
seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery
sheen.

The silent power that brought thee back with leading-
strings of love
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from
above,

Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our
leaves.
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad
thee in our eaves.

Thomas Kibble Harvey. { Born 1804.
Died 1859.

BORN in Manchester, in 1804. He has spent a busy life in literary employment. He published the first volume of his poems in 1824; they are characterised by great beauty and vigour of expression.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MORN on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along:
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,

That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
 Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing,
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the waves,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
 All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
 know,
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below,
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er

Winthorpe M. Praed. { Born 1802.
 Died 1839.

THE son of a wealthy London banker, he had every aid that opportunity could give for cultivating his talents. He entered public life as Member of Parliament, and in 1835 held the office of secretary to the Board of Control. His poetical pieces were contributed to the periodicals.

QUINCE.

NEAR a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil church and steeple,
 There stood—alas, it stands no more!—
 A tenement of brick and plaster,
 Of which, for forty years and four,
 My good friend Quince was lord and master,
 Welcome was he in hut and hall,
 To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
 He won the sympathies of all
 By making puns and making presents.

Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrunk from Chancery-suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head,
Warm was his double ale and feelings;
His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his dealings.
He went to church but once a-week,
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools—
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen.
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said, "I cannot make them better."
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With, "Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table,
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable.
Old Quince averred upon his troth
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse or patterns.

Alice was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Nell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him, with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love
Before he came away from college;
Some darkly hinted that His Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him.

I found him at threescore-and-ten
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble.
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,
The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died.
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand: "Ah me!" he cried,
"Penelope must wear the willow!
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket
And say that when I call again
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
I hope his master's shoes will suit him!—
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.

The vicar's wife will take old Fox,
 She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
 And let her husband have my box,
 My Bible, and my Assmanshäuser.

"Whether I ought to die or not
 My doctors cannot quite determine;
 It's only clear that I shall rot,
 And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
 My debts are paid. But Nature's debt
 Almost escaped my recollection;
 Tom, we shall meet again; and yet
 I cannot leave you my direction!"

Gerard Griffin.

{ Born 1803.
 { Died 1840.

AN Irish writer, best known from his prose compositions, and by some dramatic pieces he was able to get introduced into the theatres. His poetical talent appeared later on in his history. The following piece was written about 1830, when he was retiring from the world, and preparing to enter the Christian Brotherhood in Cork.

SEVEN DREARY WINTERS.

SEVEN dreary winters gone and spent,
 Seven blooming summers vanished too,
 Since 'on an eager mission bent,
 I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years I will not say;
 They cannot be by words renewed—
 God wash their sinful parts away!
 And blest be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast
 I left my youthful sister then,
 And now in sweet religious rest
 I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
 How pleasing is a sight like this!
 To see that bark with canvas furled
 Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh! darling of a heart that still,
 By earthly joys so deeply trod,

At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God!

Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh! be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him!

Charles Swain.

Born 1803.

HE was born in Manchester, where he carried on the business of engraver. In his leisure moments he found time to write many songs and domestic pieces, which obtained great popularity.

THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR KING.

THERE are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with Time,
 And triumph o'er his doom—
 Another world in freshness burst
 Oblivion's mighty tomb!
 Again the hardy Britons rushed
 Like lions to the fight,
 While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
 Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
 The drum's heart-stirring beat,
 The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
 The rush of million feet,
 The magic of the minstrel's song,
 Which told of victories o'er,
 Are sights and sounds the dying king
 Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
 In the dim and quiet sky,
 When, with sable clock and 'broidered pall,
 A funeral-train swept by;
 Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
 On many a stately crest—
 They bore the noble warrior king
 To his last dark home of rest.

William Laidlaw.

Died 1845.

SON of a farmer in Selkirkshire. He was a frequent companion of Sir Walter Scott in his wanderings through the Borders. In the following piece, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, added the last four lines to complete the story.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'n,
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld maister and neibours sae dear:
 For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer;
 She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
 An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
 Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
 "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in;
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e;
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
 "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.
 "Oh! what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
 I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.
 "Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
 Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
 Though now he said naething but 'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
 He couldna say mair but just, 'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.
 "The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
 But Lucy likes Jamie;"—she turned and she lookit,
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
 For bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

Rev. Robert Montgomery. { Born 1807.
 Died 1855.

LITTLE is known of his early history, and he first appears before the public in his nineteenth year, as the author of "The Inspector," a weekly publication. After the publication of some minor pieces, in 1828 appeared "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and in 1829, "Satan," &c., both of which had considerable popularity. Encouraged by his success as an author, Robert Montgomery studied for the church, and was ordained in 1835 curate of Whittington, in Shropshire. He removed in 1836 to Percy Street Chapel, London, and from thence to St. Jude's Episcopal Church, Glasgow. In 1843 he returned to Percy Street Chapel, where he continued till his death, on 3d December, 1855.

FROM "SATAN."

THEN, is there not a spirit-world?—The blind
 May question, and the mocking idiot laugh,
 But in her, round her, wheresoe'er she moves,
 Mortality might reap immortal faith,
 And *feel* what cannot in the flesh be *known*—
 In the wild mystery of Earth and Air,
 Sun, moon, and star, and the unslumbering sea,
 There is a meaning and a power, commixt
 For thought, and for undying fancy tuned.
 And by thy panting for the unattained
 On earth; by longings which no language speaks;
 By the dread torture of o'ermastering doubt;
 By thirst for beauty, such as eye ne'er saw,
 And yet, is ever mirror'd on the mind;
 By Love, in her rich heavenliness arrayed;
 By Guilt and Conscience—that terrific pair
 Who make the dead to mutter from their tombs,
 Or colour nature with the hues of hell,
 By all the fire and frenzy of the soul,
 And Revelation's everlasting voice—Oh man,
 Thou art immortal as thy Maker is!

Now is mine hour, the hour of conflict come,
 When the dark future over nature frowns
 Like destiny; now Spirit is herself
 Again, and Thought, within her cell retired,
 Doth hold dim converse with eternal things.

James Ballantine.

{ Born 1808
 { Died 1877.

AN Edinburgh poet, and author of some of the most exquisite songs in the Scottish dialect ever written. In 1856 he collected and published them in one volume. Mr. Ballantine is also author of some amusing prose pictures of Scottish life. As a master house-painter he gained great credit by his stained-glass transparencies, and the art displayed in house decoration.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
 An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind,
 Though pressed an' hemm'd on every side, hae faith
 an' ye'll win through,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crost in love, as whiles, nae
 doubt ye've been,
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae
 your een,
 Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store
 for you,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and clud-
 less sky
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parch'd and dry,
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring
 anew,
 And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine, we should feel owre
 proud and hie,
 An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e,
 Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence
 or how,
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, sits pokin' in the ase,
 Glowerin in the fire wi' his wee round face;
 Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
 Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his tousy curly pow,
 Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe,
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
 Glow'rin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
 He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a' down;
 Warlds whomlin' up an' down, bleezin' wi' a flare,
 Losh! how he lous, as they glimmer in the air!

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
 He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men,
 A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,
 There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld;
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
 His brow is brent sae braid, so pray that Daddy Care
 Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, and he'll keek at the light;
 But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by Night;
 Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
 Hearts are broken—heads are turned—wi' castles in the
 air.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton. { Born 1808.
 { Died 1877.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH SHERIDAN was born in 1808. She is granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. From her earliest years she had a taste for versification, and while in her teens appeared before the public as an author. In March, 1877, she married Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, but only lived a few months thereafter.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

OFT since that hour, in sadness I retrace
 My childhood's vision of thy calm, sweet face;
 Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded
 In thy black weeds, and coif of widow's woe;
 Thy dark, expressive eyes, all dim and clouded
 By that deep wretchedness the lonely know;
 Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task,
 Conn'd by unwilling lips with listless air:
 Hoarding thy means lest future need might ask
 More than the widow's pittance then could spare,
 Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,
 Enduring sorrow not by fits and starts,
 But the long self-denial day by day,
 Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!
 Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain,
 The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
 Who saw not, knew not, felt not for the pain,
 And could not comfort—yet had power to wound.

Ah! how my selfish heart, which since has grown
 Familiar with deep trials of its own,
 With riper judgment, looking to the past,
 Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
 Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
 And darkens every folly into crime.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. Born 1808.

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh. He was born at Edinburgh, 19th December, 1808. His spiritual songs and his prose works are full of the richest fruits of Christian experience.

IS THIS ALL?

(From "*Hymns of Faith and Peace.*")

*Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me, and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.*

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke,
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest,
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
O come and see?

O come and see! O look, and look again;
All shall be right;
O taste His love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night.
O trust thou, trust thou in His grace and power,
Then all is bright.

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love.
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is; Oh take Him all,
And look above!

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage,
And steadfast peace;
Thy love shall rest on His; thy weary doubts
For ever cease.
Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His grace,
Its rest and bliss!

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
 For evermore!
 Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
 For evermore!
 Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
 For evermore!

Mrs. Browning.

{ Born 1809.
 { Died 1861.

ELIZABETH BARRETT, one of the greatest of the female poets of Britain, was born in London, of a family in affluent circumstances. At a very early age she wrote verses, and became a frequent contributor to the periodicals. In 1838 she published a collection of her fugitive pieces, which won for her an extraordinary reputation. Miss Barrett was in feeble health, and retired to Torquay to recruit; but she obtained no benefit from her stay, and returned to London a confirmed invalid. Confined to her chamber, she there devoted herself to that poetry "of which she seemed born to be the priestess." In 1844 she published a new edition of her poems, greatly enlarged; and about 1849, in partly restored health, she married Robert Browning the poet. They repaired to Italy, and the change was greatly beneficial to Mrs. Browning. They resided there till her death, on 29th June, 1861.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

("When the Princess Victoria was first informed that she was Queen of Great Britain, she was so affected by the responsibilities of her new position, that she burst into tears,")

"O MAIDEN, heir of kings,
 A king has left his place;
 The Majesty of death has swept
 All other from his face.
 And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
 No longer lean adown—
 But take the glory for the rest,
 And rule the land that loves thee best."
 The maiden wept;
 She wept to wear a crown!
 They decked her courtly halls—
 They reined her hundred steeds—
 They shouted at her palace gate,
 "A noble Queen succeeds!"
 Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
 Her praise has filled the town:
 And mourners God had stricken deep
 Looked hearkening up, and did not weep!
 Alone she wept,
 Who wept to wear a crown.

She saw no purple shine,
 For tears had dimmed her eyes:
 She only knew her childhood's flowers
 Were happier pageantries!
 And while the heralds played their part
 For million shouts to drown—
 "God save the Queen," from hill to mart—
 She heard, through all, her beating heart,
 And turned and wept!
 She wept, to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen!
 Thou shalt be well beloved,
 The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
 As those pure tears have moved;
 The nature in thine eye we see,
 Which tyrants cannot own—
 The love that guardeth liberties;
 Strange blessing on the nation lies,
 Whose sovereign wept,
 Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
 With blessing more divine;
 And fill with better love than earth's,
 That tender heart of thine;
 That when the thrones of earth shall be
 As low as graves brought down,
 A pierced hand may give to thee,
 The crown which angels wept to see.
 Thou wilt not weep
 To wear that heavenly crown.

Alfred Tennyson.

Born 1809.

THE greatest poet of his times, was born in 1809. He is son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson of Sowerby, Lincolnshire. He entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; some of his poems, dated 1830, were written there. In 1833 appeared a volume of poems which awakened great interest for the author, though they were somewhat severely handled by the critics. It is supposed that this circumstance will account for the lapse of nine years which occurred before his next volume was published, in 1842. The great advance made by the poet was apparent, and the marvellous brilliancy of colouring and profoundness of thought displayed in the new pieces caused public opinion to acknowledge him as the first of living poets. In 1847 appeared "The Princess;" in 1850 "En Memoriam;" "Maud" in 1855; and in 1858 "Idylls of the King," which more than sustained his previous reputation. He succeeded to the laureateship on the death of Wordsworth in 1850.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

(From "In Memoriam.")

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple frosty-bank
Of vapours, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
 To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
 The blast of north and east, and ice
 Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns,
 To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
 Above the wood which grides and clangs
 Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass,
 To darken on the rolling brine,
 That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
 Arrange the board and brim the glass.

Bring in great logs. and let them lie,
 To make a solid core of heat;
 Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
 Of all things ev'n as he were by.

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
 With books and music, surely we
 Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
 And sing the songs he loved to hear.

Richard Monckton Milnes. Born 1809.

ELDEST son of R. P. Milnes, Esq. of Frystone Hall, Yorkshire. In 1837 he was returned M.P. for the borough of Pontefract. Besides taking an active part in public business and questions of social progress, he has ever been the friend of literature. In 1863 he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Houghton.

LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood, one Sunday morning,
 Before a large church-door,
 The congregation gathered
 And carriages a score—
 From one out stepped a lady
 I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
 And held a vinaigrette;
 The sign of man's redemption
 Clear on the book was set,—
 But above the Cross there glistened
 A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide,
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide—
There might be good thoughts in her
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array—
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and crept away.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—

They from to-day and from to-night
 Expected nothing more,
 Than yesterday and yesternight
 Had proffered them before.

A man's best things are nearest him,
 Lie close about his feet,
 It is the distant and the dim
 That we are sick to greet:
 For flowers that grow our hands beneath
 We struggle and aspire—
 Our hearts must die, except they breathe
 The air of fresh desire.

John Bethune.

{ Born 1810.
 { Died 1839.

SON of a farm labourer in Fife, who amid the most discouraging circumstances educated himself, and whose works have obtained an honourable place in literature. In conjunction with his brother Alexander, he first appeared as an author in "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," published in 1838. On his death in 1839, his brother edited a volume of poetical pieces left by him.

THE FIRST OF WINTER.

OH! sadly sighs the wint'ry breeze
 Along the desert lea;
 And moaning 'mid the forest trees
 It sings a dirge to me,—
 The solemn dirge of dying flowers—
 The death song of the emerald bowers—
 The first loud whistled lay,
 Which summons Winter's stormy powers
 On his coronation-day.

Darker and darker grows the sky;
 With voice more loud and louder still
 The stormy winds sweep by, and fill
 The ear with awful melody.
 Each tone of that majestic harp
 Wakes other tones within to warp
 My soul away, amid its bass,
 To the greenwood, which lately was
 A picture to my eye—
 Which now is murk and bare! Alas!
 Its sere leaves rustle by.

But ah! that tempest music tells
A tale which saddens more—
Of hearts it tells where sorrow dwells
On many a rocky shore,
When the poor bark is dash'd and driven,
And plunged below, and tossed to heaven,
Amid the ocean's roar.
And oh! its wild and varied song
Hath an appalling power,
As swellingly it sweeps along
O'er broken tree and blasted flower.

The loud, loud laugh of frenzied lips,
The sigh of sorrowing breath,
The dread, dread crash of sinking ships,
The gurgling shriek of death,
Affection's wildest, warmest wish,
Devotion's holiest cry,
Are blended with that maddening blast,
And on the chords of sympathy
Their varying accents now are cast.

Yet more—it tells of more—
Of Him who on its murky wing
Rides calmly, and directs its roar,
Or stills it with His nod:
Its voice is raised even now to sing
A wilder melody to God,
Who holds it in night's silent hush
Within the hollow of His hand,
Or bids it from His presence rush
In desolation o'er the land:
At His command alone it raves
O'er roofless cots and tumbling waves.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

ADIEU! ye withered flowerets!
Your day of glory's past;
But your parting smile was loveliest,
For **we** knew it was your last:
No more the sweet aroma
Of your golden cups shall rise,
To scent the morning's stilly breath,
Or gloaming's zephyr sighs.

Ye were the sweetest offerings
Which friendship could bestow—
A token of devoted love
In pleasure or in woe!
Ye graced the head of infancy,
By soft affection twined
Into a fairy coronal
Its sunny brows to bind.

Ye decked the coffins of the dead,
By yearning sorrow strew'd
Along each lifeless lineament,
In death's cold damps bedew'd;
Ye were the pleasure of our eyes
In dingle, wood, and wold,
In the parterre's sheltered premises,
And on the mountain cold.

But ah! a dreary blast hath blown
Athwart you in your bloom,
And, pale and sickly, now your leaves
The hues of death assume:
We mourn your vanished loveliness,
Ye sweet departed flowers!
For ah! the fate which blighted you
An emblem is of ours.

There comes a blast to terminate
Our evanescent span:
For frail, as your existence, is
The mortal life of man!
And is the land we hasten to
A land of grief and gloom?
No! there the Lily of the Vale
And Rose of Sharon bloom!

And there a stream of ecstasy
Through groves of glory flows,
And on its banks the Tree of Life
In heavenly beauty grows;
And flowers that never fade away,
Whose blossoms never close,
Bloom round the walks where angels stray,
And saints redeemed repose.

And though, like you, sweet flowers of earth,
We wither and depart,

And leave behind, to mourn our loss,
 Full many an aching heart;
 Yet, when the winter of the grave
 Is past, we hope to rise,
 Warm'd by the Sun of Righteousness,
 To blossom in the skies.

Charles Mackay, LL.D. Born 1812.

A NATIVE of Perth, where he was born in 1812. In his infancy he was removed to London, and his early youth was spent in Belgium. He commenced his literary career in 1834, by the publication of a volume of poems. He now fairly devoted himself to a literary career, and while editing the "Glasgow Argus," from 1844 to 1847, volume after volume of poems appeared from his pen. Returning to London, he became editor of the "Illustrated London News," besides continuing to issue his poetical works. He is also the author of some prose works. In 1852 Mackay made a tour in America, and he has embodied his impressions in a lively volume, "Life and Liberty in America." He resided in the United States from 1862 to 1866.

CLEAR THE WAY.

MEN of thought! be up and stirring
 Night and day:
 Sow and seed—withdraw the curtain—
 Clear the way!
 Men of action, aid and cheer them,
 As ye may!
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow;
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray;
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!
 Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.

Lo! the right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!

With the Right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With the giant Wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Robert Browning.

Born 1812

BORN at London in 1812, he was educated at the London University. He first appeared as an author in 1835. His poem "Paracelsus," then published, attracted general attention in the literary world. In 1837 he published "Strafford," a tragedy. This was followed by "Sordello," in 1840. In 1849 he published a collected edition of his smaller pieces. In the same year he married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, a well-known poetess, and from that time they resided chiefly on the Continent. His wife died in 1861.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead,
 Sit and watch by her side an hour,
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I think—
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
 Save two long rays through the hinges' chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
 It was not her time to love: besides,
 Her life had many a hope and aim.

Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir—
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
 What, your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew,
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
 Each was nought to each, must I be told?
 We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

Professor Aytoun.

{ Born 1813.
 { Died 1865.

BORN in Edinburgh in 1813, of a Fifeshire family, he was educated for the Scottish bar, to which he was admitted in 1840. In 1845 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University. His poetical talents were early displayed. "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," his finest poems, were originally contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine." They were issued in a collected form in 1849. "Bothwell, a poem," appeared in 1856. The Professor was appointed by Lord Derby's Government, in 1852, Sheriff and Vice-Admiral of Orkney.

THE BURIED FLOWER.

IN the silence of my chamber,
 When the night is still and deep,
 And the drowsy heave of ocean
 Mutters in its charmed sleep:

Oft I hear the angel voices
 That have thrilled me long ago,—
 Voices of my lost companions,
 Lying deep beneath the snow.

Where are now the flowers we tended?
 Withered, broken, branch and stem;
 Where are now the hopes we cherished?
 Scattered to the winds with them.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones!
 Nursed in hope and reared in love,
 Looking fondly ever upward
 To the clear blue heaven above:

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,
 Rising lightly from the rain,
 Never folding up your freshness
 Save to give it forth again:

Never shaken, save by accents
 From a tongue that was not free.
 As the modest blossom trembles
 At the wooing of the bee.

O! 'tis sad to lie and reckon
 All the days of faded youth,
 All the vows that we believed in,
 All the words we spoke in truth.

Sever'd—were it sever'd only
 By an idle thought of strife,
 Such as time may knit together;
 Not the broken chord of life!

O my heart! that once so truly
 Kept another's time and tune,—
 Heart, that kindled in the morning,
 Look around thee in the noon!

Where are they who gave the impulse
 To thy earliest thought and flow?
 Look across the ruined garden—
 All are withered, dropped, or low!

* * *

O! I fling my spirit backward,
 And I pass o'er years of pain;
 All I loved is rising round me,
 All the lost returns again.

* * *

Brighter, fairer far than living,
 With no trace of woe or pain,
 Robed in everlasting beauty,
 Shall I see thee once again.

By the light that never fadeth,
 Underneath eternal skies,
 When the dawn of resurrection
 Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

Robert Murray M'Cheyne. { Born 1813.
Died 1843.

A DEVOTED and talented minister of the Church of Scotland in Dundee, who wrote some religious poetry imbued with the deepest devotional feeling.

TO YONDER SIDE.

THE cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried,
The chosen twelve stood by,
"And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
While the swelling sail they spread,
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps,
With a pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest,
Sleep flies the guilty eye,
But he who leans on the Father's breast
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
O'er Bashan's rocky brow,
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master,—Master, wake!
Carest Thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose, with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest.
"Ye waves," He whispered, "Peace! be still!"
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice, and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul."

And now He bends His gentle eye
 His wondering followers o'er,
 "Why raise this unbelieving cry?
 I said '*to yonder shore.*'"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
 And showed me why he died,
 He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
 And said, "*to yonder side.*"

"Peace, peace! be still thou raging breast,
 My fulness is for thee,"
 The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
 Like the waves of Galilee.

Robert Nicoll.

{ Born 1814.
 { Died 1837.

A NATIVE of Auchtergaven in Perthshire, who amid many difficulties worked himself up into the position of editor of the "Leeds Times," to which he devoted himself heart and soul. His poems are short pieces and songs, which show some talent. He died in his twenty-fourth year.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts!

They come and go,
 Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
 While round me flow
 The winds, from woods and fields with gladness
 laden;

When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
 When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
 When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
 Watch over all with soft and loving eye—

While the leaves quiver
 By the lone river,
 And the quiet heart
 From depths doth call
 And garners all—
 Earth grows a shadow
 Forgotten whole,
 And heaven lives
 In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!

They are with me

When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody

Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.

When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—

When on our ear comes the soft song of bees—

When every branch has its own favourite bird,

And songs of summer from each thicket heard!—

Where the owl flitteth,

Where the rose sitteth,

And holiness

Seems sleeping there;

While nature's prayer

Goes up to heaven

In purity,

Till all is glory

And joy to me!

High thoughts!

They are my own—

When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,

And see below me strown

The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;

When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—

When I can follow every fiful shadow—

When I can watch the winds among the corn,

And see the waves along the forest borne;

Where bluebell and heather

Are blooming together,

And far doth come

The Sabbath bell,

O'er wood and fell;

I hear the beating

Of nature's heart;

Heaven is before me—

God! Thou art!

Philip James Bailey.

Born 1816.

BORN in Nottingham, on 22d April, 1816. He matriculated at the University of Glasgow, and afterwards studied for the English bar, to which he was called in 1840. In 1839 he published "Festus," an extraordinary poem, abounding in grand and splendid ideas. It met with great success, and he at once took a high place among the poets of our age. In 1855 appeared "The Mystic," and in 1858 "The Age," both of which sustain his reputation.

FROM "FESTUS."

Genius. It is the strain
Of all high spirits towards him. Thou couldst not,
Even if thou wouldst, behold God: masked in dust,
Thine eye did light on darkness: but when dead,
And the dust shaken off the shining essence,
God shall glow through thee as through living glass,
And every thought and atom of thy being
Shall guest His glory, be overbright with God.
Hadst thou not been by faith immortalised
For the instant, then thine eye had been thy death.
Come, I will shew thee heaven and all angels.
Lo! the recording angel.

Festus. Him I see
High-seated, and the pen within his hand
Plumed like a storm-portending cloud which curves
Half over heaven, and swift in use divine
As is a warrior's spear!

Genius. The book wherein
Are writ the records of the universe
Lies like a world laid open at his feet.
And there, the Book of Life which holds the names,
Form'd out in starry brilliants, of God's sons—
The spirit-names which angels learn by heart,
Of worlds beforehand. Wilt thou see thine own!

Festus. My name is written in the Book of Life.
It is enough. That constellated word
Is more to me and clearer than all stars,
Henceforward and for aye.

Frances Browne.

Born 1816.

A BLIND poetess, daughter of the postmaster of Stranorlar in Donegal. When only eighteen months old she lost her sight from smallpox, yet as she advanced in life she became noted for her rapid acquisition of knowledge. In 1840 she published in the *Irish Penny Journal* "Songs of our Land;" in 1841 she sent some pieces to the "Athenæum," which were much admired; and in 1844 she published a volume of her poems. In 1847 she issued a second volume of poems, all remarkable for rich poetic diction, and for vigorous thought and deep feeling. The following piece refers to an Irish exile.

THE LAST FRIENDS.

I COME to my country, but not with the hope
That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting bow,

For the vigour of soul that seemed mighty to cope
With time and with fortune hath fled from me now;
And love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
But the hills of my country they welcome me yet!

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track;
From the wide spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
The lands of old story they summoned me bac'k;
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,
They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet,
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet!

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar—
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave;
For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
And I, I return with the memory of years,
Whose hope rose so high though in sorrow it set;
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old,
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
But our streams are still bright, and our hills are still
green;

Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met;
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death,
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow,
For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand:
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle—
Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

THE FIRST.

THE first, the first!—oh! nought like it
 Our after-years can bring—
 For summer hath no flowers so sweet
 As those of early spring.
 The earliest storm that strips the tree
 Still wildest seems and worst;
 Whate'er hath been again may be—
 But never as at first;—

For many a bitter blast may blow
 O'er life's uncertain wave,
 And many a thorny thicket grow
 Between us and the grave;
 But darker still the spot appears,
 Where thunder-clouds have burst
 Upon our green unblighted years—
 No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 'twas vain—
 Yet, that brief lightning o'er,
 The heart, indeed, may hope again,
 But can rejoice no more;
 Life hath no glory to bestow
 Like it—unfallen, uncursed;
 There may be many an after-glow,
 But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on,
 Through manhood's toil and strife,
 But never can they shine as shone
 The morning stars of life:
 Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
 Though long and fondly nursed—
 Yet, still they want the fearless faith
 Of those that bless'd us first.

Its first deep love in memory
 The heart for ever bears;
 For that was early given and free—
 Life's wheat without the tares.
 It may be death hath buried deep—
 It may be fate hath cursed—
 But yet no later love can keep
 The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
 The lights or shadows cast
 Upon the dawning of our day,
 Are with us to the last.
 But, ah! the morning breaks no more
 On us, as once it burst—
 For future springs can ne'er restore
 The freshness of the first.

Rev. Charles Kingsley. { Born 1819.
 { Died 1875.

A POET, theologian, and novelist, and one of the most remarkable and philanthropic men of his age. He is chiefly known by his prose writings, but his poetical talents are considerable. He was born near Dartmoor, in Devonshire, in 1819, and was intended for the profession of the law. His tastes, however, led him to take orders in the church, in which he obtained the rectory of Eversley, made famous by its connection with his name. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University.

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
 Out into the west, as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town.
 For men must work and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
 But men must work and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
 And the harbour be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come back to the town.
 For men must work and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Gerald Massey.

Born 1828.

Born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, in 1828. He was in early life an errand-boy. He fought his way to distinction amid the greatest discouragements, and in 1854 established his name as a poet by the publication of the ballad of "Babe Christabel and other Poems," which met with great success. In 1856 he published "Craigcrook Castle," a volume which sustained his reputation; he is also a contributor to literary journals, and has adopted literature as his profession.

FROM "BABE CHRISTABEL."

AND thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
 Shall light thy dark up like a star,
 A beacon kindling from afar
 Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
 And glitters through the thickest glooms,
 Till the eternal morning comes
 To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
 We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
 And, ready for the harvest home,
 His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
 Awhile she sat with folded wings—
 Sang round us a few hoverings—
 Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
 With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,
 And all love's purple glory round,
 She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
 She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
 While, in a robe of light above,
 Her better angel walked unseen,

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
 Then, lest her starry garments trail
 In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
 The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean; on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

Alexander Smith.

{ Born 1829.
{ Died 1867.

BORN in Kilmarnock, on 31st December, 1829, has earned a reputation as a poet. He was originally employed as a pattern-drawer in a Glasgow factory, till in 1853 appeared "A Life Drama," which was so well received, that the public attention was directed to the author, and in 1854 he was elected Secretary to the Edinburgh University. The situation gave him good opportunities of cultivating his literary talents, and in 1857 appeared "City Poems." He was also a contributor to several periodicals. He died in 1867 at the early age of thirty-seven years.

FROM "A LIFE DRAMA."

As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,
Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory.
And wakes to weep, and ever after sighs
For that bright vision till her hair is hoary;
Ev'n so, alas! is my life's passion story.
For Poesy, my heart and pulses beat;
For Poesy my blood runs red and fleet;
As Moses' serpent the Egyptians' swallow'd,
One passion eats the rest. My soul is follow'd

By strong ambition to out-roll a lay
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way.

Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave
Asleep in moonlight!
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul
A passion burns from basement to the cope.
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee, and die!

How tenderly the moon doth fill the night!
Not like the passion that doth fill my soul;
It burns within me like an Indian sun.
A star is trembling on the horizon's verge,
That star shall grow and broaden on the night,
Until it hangs divine and beautiful
In the proud zenith—
Might I so broaden on the skies of fame!
O Fame! Fame! Fame! next grandest word to God!
I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

Adelaide Anne Proctor. { Born 1835.
Died 1864.

DAUGHTER of "Barry Cornwall," and author of two volumes of poems entitled "Lyrics and Legends." She died in February, 1864.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead.

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more,

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth!
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon—for spring is nigh—
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

THE END.







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